

THE CANADIAN FORUM

Thirtieth Year of Issue

May, 1950

Unionism in Journalism

► IN RECENT MONTHS, there have appeared in the pages of certain "liberal" journals across Canada squibs saying that the editorial staffs of some Canadian newspapers have organized for collective bargaining purposes with the American Newspaper Guild (CIG). To the laymen in this age of joining this may not seem like any untoward phenomenon. It does, in fact, represent the breakdown of a legend.

Concentrated in the newsrooms of newspapers and wire services is probably the most highly individualistic and egocentric group to be found in our living pattern. Covering the day-to-day course of events hypnotizes most newsmen into an exaggerated sense of their own place in those events. Rubbing elbows with the great and near-great creates a feeling of greatness. One of the profession's occupational hazards is attending the meetings of countless organizations. This gives the last little nudge needed to develop a loathing of the joining inclination.

This antipathy to joining extends so far that newsmen actually avoid associating with their colleagues beyond the necessity of the working routine. Newswriters have covered the history of organized labor since its inception with hardly ever a thought that here was a clue as to how they might better their own economic position. Collective action was part of the mine and the shop but it certainly would never do for the intellectuals of the fourth estate.

(Continued overleaf)

Leon Blum

► A GREAT MAN, a great Socialist, a great Frenchman died yesterday at the age of seventy-eight in the little town of Jouy-en-Josas on the outskirts of Paris. Today he is mourned not only in France but also throughout the whole world, and particularly by the international socialist movement to whose progress and principles he gave all his action and his thought, in a word, his life.

Léon Blum's death was sudden. Only the day before he had been working in the editorial offices of *Le Populaire*. The next morning he made the first of his two daily telephone calls to the socialist paper. It was only after lunch that he was stricken by an illness which caused his death within three hours.

The French socialist leader was born in Paris on April 9, 1872. He was a brilliant student and left the *École Normale Supérieure* at the top of his class. He created a Socialist Unity group among his friends at Uni-

versity and entered the competitive examinations for the *Conseil d'Etat*. In 1904 he helped Jean Jaurès in the found-

(Continued on Page 30)



UNIONIZED EMPLOYEES OF A CANADA-WIDE NEWS GATHERING AGENCY
LOOK FOR NEWS OF THEIR UNION ACTIVITIES IN MEMBER NEWSPAPERS

In This Issue

FREEDOM UNDER SOCIALISM - - Page 31
ANDREW ALLAN - - - - - Page 35

CONTENTS OF THIS ISSUE

UNIONISM IN JOURNALISM— <i>Thos. Lord</i>	25
LEON BLUM— <i>Patricia Van Der Eek</i>	25
EDITORIALS	27
LETTER FROM LONDON— <i>Stella Harrison</i>	29
FREEDOM UNDER SOCIALISM— <i>David Smith</i>	31
VOLUME THIRTY: A RETROSPECT (Part II)— <i>Carlton McNaught</i>	33
ANDREW ALLAN— <i>Liter. Sinclair</i>	35
O CANADA	36

LITERATURE and the ARTS

THE SUMMER CAMP INCIDENT (Short Story)— <i>Colleen Thibodeau</i>	36
HALIFAX (Reproduction)— <i>Leonard Brooks</i>	37
ON THE AIR— <i>Allan Sangster</i>	39
THEATRE— <i>Hyperbola Prat</i>	40
FILM REVIEW— <i>D. Mondell</i>	41
NUDE (Reproduction)— <i>W. J. B. Nescombe</i>	41
CORRESPONDENCE	42
POETRY	42
TURNING NEW LEAVES— <i>Roy I. Wolfe</i>	43
BOOKS REVIEWED	44

The great depression started small cracks in this wall of aloofness. The wages of the organized mechanical departments of newspapers contrasted unfavorably with those of the unorganized editorial worker. Some newsmen began to wonder if "the pat on the back and the by-line" could not be translated into a dollars-and-cents value.

Unionism in journalism began in the United Kingdom and in the United States before it did in Canada. In Britain it was the National Union of Journalists and in the United States the American Newspaper Guild. In 1940-41 the Guild extended its operations into Canada and tried to organize the *Toronto Star*, but was broken by determined opposition. The Guild was not successful in obtaining a contract until January, 1949.

The successful conclusion of the *Star* contract was not long in having effects on Toronto's other daily newspapers. Organizational attempts were made at the *Toronto Globe and Mail* and the *Toronto Telegram*. Determined resistance by publisher George McCullagh was encountered on both his papers. The attempt at the *Globe and Mail* ended in failure. The organization of the *Telegram* was completed and an application for certification was made to the Ontario Labor Board. The Board ruled that a vote must be taken.

THE CANADIAN FORUM

Northrop Frye - Managing Editor
 Alan Craighead - Corresponding Editor
 L. A. Morris - Business Manager
 Editorial Board: C. R. Feilding, Helen Frye, Donald Gardner,
 C. A. Gramick, Felix Lazarus, Kay Morris, John Nicol,
 Allan Sangster, Milton Wilson.

Published each month by
 CANADIAN FORUM LIMITED
 16 Huntley Street, Toronto 5, Ontario, Canada
 Telephone: PR. 3735

Authorized as second class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa

SUBSCRIPTION RATE: THREE DOLLARS A YEAR

Cheques to be made payable at par in Toronto.

Advertising rates on request.

The Guild was defeated by six votes after publisher McCullagh explained the dire consequences that would follow the advent of the Guild. The Guild also has negotiated a contract with the *Ottawa Citizen* and the *Daily Racing Form*.

Canadians get the news through one hundred daily newspapers. Ninety-one of these dailies are organized in a Dominion-wide co-operative, The Canadian Press. The co-operative supplies each of the member-dailies with the domestic report, and at the same time through an agreement with the U.S. co-operative, The Associated Press, they are supplied with a foreign report.

AP has had a contract with the American Newspaper Guild for ten years. Canadian wire service workers have been able to see tangible proof of the benefits of unionism. Workers in this particular branch of journalism need collective action more than their brothers on a newspaper, particularly when they are employed by a co-operative transcontinental service. They share with all co-operative employees the tendency to be more poorly paid, and because of the fact that at some time, somewhere across the continent, a newspaper is going to press, they are obliged to work shifts and this causes abuses in working hours.

Organization in CP was extremely rapid. A substantial majority of workers joined the American Newspaper Guild in a three-week period, and an application for certification was made to the Canada Labor Relations Board in January of this year. The reaction of both management and the member-publishers was violent opposition. The application to the Board was opposed. Management counsel, J. J. Robinette, maintained that the application should be dismissed on the grounds that the Industrial Disputes Investigation Act does not apply to journalists.

It was explained that the high intellectual standards required of a newsmen are not consistent with membership in a trade union. Opposition also centred around freedom of the press—the "sacred cow" that has been dragged out by publishers and milked for all it was worth on issues ranging from increases in the price of newsprint to higher postal rates on periodicals. In this particular case, the issue was the

(Continued on Page 29)

Twenty-five Years Ago

Vol. 5, No. 56, May, 1925, *The Canadian Forum*.

A pleasant tale is abroad in Ottawa that our own Premier has been dabbling in what the ancients called the black arts. An English astrologer of high renown, who sought and secured accurate particulars of his nativity, in due course rewarded the Liberal chieftain with a horoscope which predicted for him a glorious victory at the approaching election and a long and prosperous reign in office. But the warm flow of satisfaction which this cheering report produced was not destined to be permanent, for a local Cassandra, residing in Kingston, is understood to have intervened with a stern demand that the infant astrological industry in this country should be supported, and from her inspection of the statistical viscera available, possibly supplemented by a more accurate knowledge of Canadian sentiment, a less roseate augury emerged. She did not, I hear, predict hopelessness and irremediable disaster for her illustrious client, but she warned him that a dark and difficult adventure lay before him and that, if the gods allowed an escape from the woeful calamity of defeat, the margin would be narrow. What some observers of the Ottawa scene desire is that the Premier should submit himself for examination to some competent local Freud and allow the result to be published.

(From "On Parliament Hill").

THE CANADIAN FORUM

Vol. XXX, No. 352

Founded 1920

Toronto, Ontario, May, 1950

Mgr. Charbonneau

The resignation of Mgr. Charbonneau, Archbishop of Montreal, owing to ill health, was announced in February. To many it came as a surprise. To some the real reason for his retirement was not ill health but his anti-capitalist attitude during the months-long strike at Asbestos, P.Q., in 1949. This strike the Canadian Johns-Manville Company did its utmost to smash, with the active co-operation of M. Duplessis, Premier of the province.

Keenly interested in labor problems, the Archbishop steadily opposed the reactionary policies of the Duplessis regime. At the time, he told a Notre Dame church congregation in Montreal: "There is a conspiracy to destroy the working class, and it is the Church's duty to intervene." Special collections for the relief of the strikers were taken in all churches of his archdiocese, as they were taken also in the Archdiocese of Quebec. The Apostolic Delegate to Canada, Archbishop Antoniutti, himself approved and encouraged the very charitable attitude of Mgr. Charbonneau.

The Archbishop of Montreal has been so popular that rumors followed inevitably upon his resignation, until editorial speculation now has been aroused in liberal journals both in the United States and Britain. Generally, it is suggested that a connection exists between the Archbishop's "dismissal" and a brief visit paid to Rome by two members of M. Duplessis's administration. However, the verdict remains "not proven". Certainly it is to be hoped that the removal of recalcitrant archbishops in Quebec is not to be readily obtained. Otherwise, M. Duplessis looms as *le grand monarque* and the rest of Canada is deprived of the pleasure of stone-throwing at police-states presently established abroad.

Saskatchewan Oil

The Saskatchewan government's policy of granting extensive oil exploration rights to private interests has provoked some uneasiness in socialist circles and open derision among the enemies of socialism. This is unfortunate because the allocation of exploration permits is of purely secondary importance in the present Saskatchewan situation. It is clearly impossible for the provincial government to use its own limited financial resources to undertake so risky and costly a job as oil development. Yet Saskatchewan desperately needs oil, both to diversify a notoriously vulnerable economy and to provide the life blood of mechanized agriculture. Failing an extensive program by the federal government to finance development of Canada's natural resources, there is no alternative but to invite private interests—largely American—to enter the field.

There are no socialist principles that require the Saskatchewan government to ignore facts. Rather, the clear responsibility of the government is to achieve as fully as possible the socialist objective of promoting the public welfare, after taking existing facts into account. In this, the government's policy on crown reserves is crucial, but here too we should concern ourselves with substance rather than shadows. Bald statements that a greater percentage of exploration land is reserved to the crown in Alberta than in Saskatchewan ignore entirely the quite different methods of designating crown reserves in the two provinces. What is

more important, they ignore the vital question of what is done with crown reserves after oil is discovered.

The policy of the Alberta government, as it has now developed, is to dispose of crown reserves to the highest bidder for cash on the barrelhead. The apparently stupendous sums thus realized are actually mere bagatelles when compared to the long-term value of the areas disposed of. An even greater evil is that the rich Alberta fields are rapidly falling into the eager hands of a few big operators, because only the biggest companies can afford to put up cash payments of the required size. The complete failure of the Alberta government to protect the public is demonstrated by the fact that the price of gasoline to the consumer in Alberta has actually increased since the major oil discoveries were made in that province.

At this date one can only speculate as to what the Saskatchewan policy will be if and when significant oil discoveries are made in the province. The possibilities are interesting, however. If the government decides to retain its crown reserves and to exercise the power contained in present regulations to demand payment of royalties in crude oil instead of cash, it will have upwards of 40 per cent of the oil produced in the province under its direct control. The co-operatives of the province have both refining capacity and distributive facilities. By working together, the government and the co-operatives could become the major supplier of petroleum products in the province—able to exercise a significant degree of control over the price of oil to the Saskatchewan consumer.

The acid test of Saskatchewan's oil policy will come once oil is discovered in quantity in the province. If the government follows Alberta down the primrose path, it will indeed have sold out socialism. But if it uses the power within its hands to free the Saskatchewan farmer from the oil monopoly, it will have performed a service of incalculable value.

The Edge of a Precipice

The complex issues dividing Pakistan and India endanger not only the peaceful and democratic development of both countries, but the peace and stability of Asia as well. There are, at present, three sources of conflict—the issue of Kashmir, the trade war, and the communal strife and violence that results in highly charged accusations on both sides of the persecution and massacre of minorities.

A short editorial cannot begin to trace the origins of these differences. It is, perhaps, sufficient to say that their results are somewhat as follows: (1) Mutual distrust and hatred is arousing aggressive instincts and anti-democratic forces and threatening the development of democratic institutions. In India, the as yet minority extremist Hindu group, Mahasabha, has asked for war against Pakistan. Nehru's counsels of moderation are being greeted with increasing restlessness. (2) Religious differences are being sharpened rather than mollified and neither India nor Pakistan can grow in strength or in freedom unless religious tolerance is accepted. (3) Social and economic progress is being thwarted. Both India and Pakistan devote over 50 per cent of their national budgets to defence. Yet both nations insist that only economic and social progress can ensure the survival of democratic institutions. From southern India come reports of increasing Communist violence. (4) The economies and trade structures of the two highly interdependent countries are

being distorted and forced into unnatural patterns. The recent agreement between the two Prime Ministers, Pandit Nehru and Liaquat Ali Khan, gives us cause to hope, however, that peace may yet come to what seems an ever-darkening subcontinent.

The highly explosive situation that had been reached during the past weeks was suggested by Nehru when he said that India and Pakistan had arrived on the verge of something far greater than communal upheavals. "We have," he said, "stopped ourselves at the edge of a precipice and turned our backs on it." The agreement aims at creating a new atmosphere of friendliness between the two nations. By setting forth guarantees of equality of citizenship to religious minorities, it hopes to allay the fears and insecurities of those minorities and establish communal peace. It seeks to establish normal conditions, particularly in the Bengal, by promising quick action against and punishment for acts of violence.

Both Prime Ministers have expressed the fullest trust in the good intentions of the other. Can their influence, together with the machinery to be established, soothe the simmering violence in the villages? If so, perhaps the basic cause of antagonism will be removed or brought under control and an atmosphere will be created that would encourage the settlement of other differences. Both sides are now waiting for the other to back up the expressions of good intentions with action before attempting anything else. This is their first real attempt at peaceful accommodation. The welfare of their peoples and the peace of Asia depend on their success.

The Prevalence of Witches

The contemporary epidemic of artificially-induced hysteria continues to spread. When the Beaverbrook press followed up the Fuchs conviction by putting the Minister of War in the dock, certain sensitive American officials really did, apparently, wonder if Mr. Strachey should be allowed to know their military secrets. After Alger Hiss, one concludes, American officials can believe anything.

Or almost anything. Even American credulity has been severely taxed by Senator McCarthy's claim to special and specific knowledge of hordes of communists in the State Department. This was to have been a fitting climax to the general campaign against the Secretary of State which began in earnest when Mr. Acheson courageously reaffirmed his friendship for Alger Hiss. But Mr. McCarthy leaped without looking; his charges grew vaguer on examination, and the saner Republicans (from whom we must sadly exclude Senator Taft) were quick to repudiate him. Yet Mr. McCarthy is only following the established custom of attempting to wing spies and saboteurs by firing as many random shots as possible. It is a custom which has ruined many lives already, and may yet grow into something worse. It is quite possible for the defence of democracy against foreign tyranny to be carried on by committees of public safety and reigns of terror, and harden at last into rigid despotism.

That is a fear for the future; what is immediately alarming is the willingness of public men to denounce fellow-citizens without pausing to investigate first. Those who proclaimed to the world that John Strachey had never repudiated the communists scarcely blushed when it was pointed out that he had written a book on the subject which did just that.

In all these instances, the initiative has come from opposition parties. This does not mean that governments are immune to the excitement of the witch-hunt; the great danger lies in their being all too prone to it. But they do at least have more important things to do. In these days, international tempers are more frayed, and the possibility of

destroying civilization is more real, than ever. Members of governments are forced to grapple with the realities of such a world. One of the most urgent problems of representative democracy is how to impress the politicians out of office, and their press, with some sense of responsibility. Bi-partisan foreign policies, which after all are ultimately unworkable, have little effect even in the short run. The Republicans, the Conservatives, the Progressive Conservatives have no real responsibility in the daily crises of the world struggle for power. And they cannot, apparently, resist the impulse to display their anti-Soviet zeal and score off the government at the same time, by pretending to lead an outraged populace to smoke the witches out of their lairs. This pastime invariably leads to the injury of useful citizens and the further worsening of international relations. The surgeon who didn't get the job keeps jumping into the operating theatre to shout "Boo" at his rival. It doesn't really help the patient much.

Harold Laski

However partial or impartial their feeling for him, most people will agree that Harold Laski was a stimulant to his age. He was an iconoclast of the first order. Born into a wealthy Jewish Manchester family of cotton kings, he became an atheist and a leading socialist intellectual. Frail in health and tiny in stature, he moved at a meteoric pace and engaged the titans of his day in bitter combat.

The roots of his critical nature ran much deeper than a mere pleasure of nonconformity. He was passionately interested in the cause of justice and liberty, and it was not without significance that on his mantel there stood a bust of Voltaire, whom he admired greatly. Indeed he fancied himself the Voltaire of our day, crusading against ignorance and blind authority. His edition of the *Vindiciae Contra Tyrannos* flowed as easily from his pen as his later strictures against the Roman Church in Spain or the post-war Kremlin.

But this was the cause of his undoing as a scholar. The hustings and the journalistic piece proved more attractive than the library and the academic tome, for they seemed more telling in the war he felt he was waging against the follies of mankind. Thus his earlier great works like *The Grammar of Politics* were not repeated and the erudite studies he might have written in French political theory in the seventeenth century (which was his hobby) or on the English Civil War (the pamphlets of which he had a marvellous collection) never saw the light of day. A lecture tour to America, a meeting of the National Executive of the Labor Party, a radio broadcast—or people—always intervened.

Yet in another way his public life enriched him, for his active participation in affairs combined with his intellectual abilities gave him a breadth as a teacher that was almost incomparable. His true genius as a teacher lay in his personality; he was one who taught by force of character, as a generation of students will bear tangible witness. Whatever his defects, Laski has reared his own monument in print, policies, and hearts.

Thumbprints

Recently in a large Canadian city a group of men and women convened to consider citizen responsibility. Full of high purpose, a portion of their program was devoted to world citizenship. A play was presented to drive home the lesson of world brotherhood and the injustice of racial discrimination. At the conclusion of the play a member of the cast, admirably made up to represent a member of a sister race, was heard to remark: "Excuse me, while I hurry along

and get this make-up off before people think this is my natural color." How long, Oh Lord! How long!

• • • • •

The correspondence pages of the *New Statesman & Nation*, Mar. 23, 1950, contains a letter headed "Restrictions on Books" and signed by Stanley Unwin, President of the International Publishers Congress. It remarks that most of the governments of the world tax and hamper the dissemination of books in almost every conceivable way and has this to say about us: "Canada, which ought to be encouraging the import of British books to help to enable us to buy more Canadian produce, has an 8 per cent sales tax from which books are not, as in Great Britain, wholly exempted. Because the tax is payable on the entry of the books, the unfortunate buyers may have to journey many miles to the nearest Customs Post Office to collect them—in itself a serious deterrent. Pornographic magazines are admitted free of tax."

• • • • •

A committee of the Ontario legislature recently came out—with attendant fanfare in the Toronto press—in support of "art." They announced the purchase, in one case for as high as \$100, of four paintings by amateurs as a support for art in Ontario. Nothing was done about the very considerable body of Ontario painters and artists who do not paint for amusement, nor to fill in time. That the plastic arts of Canada are in need of substantial encouragement and support nobody will deny, but if the committee is seriously interested in Canadian culture, it could take more systematic and intelligent ways of showing that interest.

Unionism in Journalism—Continued

affiliation of the Guild with the CIO and its expressed purpose of affiliating with the CCL. The CCL has espoused the CCF as the political arm of labor. Management counsel maintained that this tie with the CCF might result in biased reporting with serious ramifications because of the divergent political loyalties of the member dailies. Management did not substantiate this by evidence of any previous case of biased reporting by a Guild member.

The Labor Relations Board dismissed this argument as being "not pertinent" and ordered a vote taken to determine if a majority of CP editorial employees desired the Guild as their bargaining agent. The vote showed that 54 did and 35 did not. The Labor Relations Board granted certification and collective bargaining is about to begin. Meanwhile, CP management has ruled that no Guild member may cover the Parliamentary gallery. In the light of the CLRB's "not pertinent" ruling it will be interesting to see if this ruling will be reversed.

Behind the opposition of management to the Guild in CP is a reason not expressed before the Labor Board. Strategically scattered across Canada, Guild members in The Canadian Press with conditions improved by collective action would present a powerful challenge to the editorial staffs of Canadian dailies.

The Constitution of the ANG sets the purpose of the Guild as being: "to advance the economic interests of its members, to guarantee, as far as it is able, constant honesty in the news, to raise the standards of journalism and ethics of the industry, to foster friendly co-operation with all other workers, and to promote industrial unionism in the newspaper industry." The opposition of the publishers to the breakdown of a legend in journalism makes the attainment of the economic aims almost a full-time struggle. But the attainment of professional standards is still an aim. It seems unlikely that it will be possible to attain them until the Guild

has achieved a greater degree of economic well-being and security for the average newsman than he yet enjoys.

TITUS LORD.

Letter from London

Stella Harrison

► IT HAS ALWAYS SEEMED to me that only in the southern hemisphere could Easter be celebrated in its purely theological significance. In our northern world, the primitive seasonal rite endures. The Festival of the Egg persists in modern manifestations. The old instinctive urge to make holiday in the open country at the time of the spring sowing expresses itself today in queues at railway stations and heavy traffic on the roads.

Between the egg and the internal combustion engine, the insecurely grafted doctrine of resurrection has got relegated to third place in our observances. There is no paschal gambolling of antipodean lambs and the spring flush of eggs on the far side of the globe is six months away. In England it is with us, eggs are temporarily unrationed and the feast can be duly enriched with eggs at every course from *Œufs d'œuvre* to dessert and a couple in the sponge-cake with the coffee for good measure.

This gives me personally immense satisfaction. In a letter to New York I wrote of my elation at going into my usual dairy and asking for a dozen eggs in the knowledge that they were there for me to have, without depriving anyone else. The reply to my letter was revealing. It said: "It is distressing to have to regard the ability to obtain a dozen eggs at a time as a luxury, so long after the alleged end of the war."

That typically American reaction came from an Englishwoman who has been in the United States for less than four years after spending most of her life until 1946 in England. In the last four years she has known hunger and sickness and such stringency amidst the unrationed plenty that the purchase of one egg, or a pint of fresh milk, has been at times a luxury beyond her means. She has moved about the city and seen, as only the neediest can see, the outrageous differences between available supplies and what the "underprivileged" can afford.

Yet in such a short time she has already forgotten why we have rationing in England and has absorbed the shallow inconsequence of the tabloid press. Can it be possible that New York papers have not published the facts about the billion dollars worth of surplus farm produce which Congress representatives envisaged dumping in Europe under the guise of Marshall Aid? If so, it is worth recalling that this move was defeated by intensive lobbying by the farm interests, who want continued expenditure of Marshall Aid dollars in the American produce markets for the sole purpose of keeping up domestic prices under the beneficent system of competitive free enterprise.

Apart from the present seasonal profusion, eggs are still scarce enough in England for rationing to be essential to fair distribution. The scarcity is connected with shortage of poultry feeding stuffs. Supplies on a national scale—as distinct from the back-garden production based on kitchen scraps—depend largely on grain for feeding. Britain already imports more grain than her economy can afford from dollar areas. She would like nothing better than to increase her grain imports, especially from Canada. But she is already having to export forty per cent more than a year ago to pay for imports at the present rate.

The cry that English goods were too dear in America at the old exchange rate is now giving place to howls of

protest against competition from cheap English goods. We were told we must work harder and produce more to pay for our daily bread and we are doing it. We did not want to devalue our currency but we had to do it.

Suppose now that we have done what was asked of us, some of the extra British output at the devalued sterling rate did in fact serve to bring about a fall in American consumer-goods prices—not a catastrophic collapse but just a small reduction. Suppose that this enabled American farmers to sell at slightly lower prices without being ruined. It would be reasonable to suppose then that urban workers would be able to buy more food and Marshall Aid dollars would not be required to bolster agricultural prices. Then such of the surplus farm produce held by the U.S. Government as was suitable might be liquidated through the Economic Cooperation Administration—not a billion dollars worth, but some of it. (After all, if the backward areas are to experience the benefits of economic colonisation, dried eggs are better for the job than coca-cola.) Then the Marshall Aid appropriation could be proportionately reduced and that would mean less taxation for urban and rural population alike. Or better still, if taxation were kept at the same level, the funds could be spent on the sort of social services in the land of plenty that have replaced the devil-take-the-hindmost scramble in this land of shortages.

For to revert to my New York correspondent, the thing that I find distressing is her crack about "so long after the alleged end of the war." Who has alleged any such thing? Have the witch-hunts and the panic-mongering had the desired effect of completely obscuring the political facts? Unfortunately the state of war still exists, though to those limited for their reading to certain sections of the press it might not be obvious that Germany and Japan are still technically the enemies.

If the cease-fire in 1945 meant anything at all, if the last returning bombers bore any message, surely it was a call to action, to get on with the real war against all the evils surviving from the Bad Old Days, against the wrongs that underlie all wars. That we here still retain something of the faith, the understanding, the willingness to make sacrifices of five years ago is a shining consolation in a naughty world.

Let there be no mistake, that faith does live on. The Labor Party in February obtained the biggest vote ever recorded by any political party in British history. It should have done better; it could have done better if it had not fought the election at least partly on the defensive, as though the expansion of socialism and not the restrictiveness of capitalism were on trial. We have a right to be proud that Labor has done more in five years to raise the standards of the people than all the governments of the previous fifty years together.

On the other hand, there is a spirit of sober self-examination abroad very proper to the Easter season. We know because we are human that some amongst us will through pride or envy betray our principles, that through greed or sloth some will deny our beliefs before the cock crows on the next election day. Thousands of us at Easter conferences are in our own way asking: Is it I?

These Easter conferences of trade unions and political parties are curiously symbolic of the merging of the material and metaphysical impulses of our democracy. The original selection of the date was a lay decision, to enable working men to attend a four-day meeting while losing only one day's pay. That was a good thing in itself, bringing real rank and file discussion to the formulation of policy. The lay decision has however resulted in reinforcing the spiritual significance of Easter; for these Easter conferences have become an annual occasion of reflection and renewal.

The Co-operative Party Conference in particular, representing ten million members in Britain, has been concerned not merely with the protection of its sectional interests but with the establishment of the new society, the elimination of the gross inequalities of madhouse economy and the substitution of a new world order. I write on Easter Day, for publication on May Day. So I should like to end with a passage from the presidential address delivered by W. Coldrick, M.P.: "The clash is fundamental, the fight is not over. Before long, we shall be compelled to engage in another electoral battle. In the meantime, let us concentrate on the educational and organization work needed to ensure an inspiring victory". Amen.

(London, England, April 9, 1950).

Leon Blum—Continued

ing of *l'Humanité* and was influenced greatly by the convictions of his famous predecessor. During the next eight years he wrote articles, lectured in Paris and wrote a book on marriage which contained advanced views for his time.

The first world war and the assassination of Jaurès made Blum turn to political affairs. He was elected to the Chamber of Deputies in 1919 and the next year he became editor of *Le Populaire*. His last article dealing with social conditions in France appeared in the socialist paper the day before his death.

Léon Blum's name is perhaps most quickly associated with the Popular Front Government of June, 1936. As Prime Minister of the first socialist government in France he made the forty-hour week law and nationalized the armaments industry. The foreign policy of the Popular Front was less successful. However, Blum cannot be held solely responsible for the major decision it had to make, that of non-intervention in the Spanish civil war. He was Vice-president under the succeeding Chautemps government and again formed a Government for one month in 1938.

After the fall of France in 1940, Léon Blum was interned by the Vichy Government and brought before the Court of Riom in a fruitless attempt to prove his culpability in the defeat of France. The Gestapo then imprisoned him in Buchenwald from 1943 until his liberation by the allied armies in 1945. M. Vincent Auriol called upon Blum to form a Government after the elections in November, 1946. The French Socialist leader did form a ministry but ill-health very soon forced him to retire from active political life. During the last three and a half years he has played a very important role as a counsellor and elder statesman of France.

What had the great French socialist leader to say to the rest of the socialists all over the world who remain to carry on the struggle for a better society? Eight days after his return to France in May, 1945, Blum spoke with optimism of the future of Socialism: "Economic liberalism is dead . . . Everybody feels the necessity of public organization of the production and distribution of national wealth . . . To maintain and develop the rights of the individual in the midst of a society entirely conceived and organized for the common good, this is the Socialist formula. We are the Party in which this synthesis is incarnated, personified."

Blum wrote *Pour être Socialiste* in 1919 and *Souvenirs sur l'Affaire* in 1935. The *Nouvelles conversations de Goethe avec Kellermann* were written in a series of articles as a young man and published in 1937. His speeches since 1936 have been collected in two separate volumes. One entitled *L'Histoire Jugera* was first published in Montreal in 1943. Since the liberation he has written *L'échelle humaine* which deals with his reflections during his captivity. It emphasized his humanistic philosophy. He did not want the individual

to be crushed in a collective society but to be given an equal opportunity to develop his potentialities.

Blum wrote an excellent introduction to the French edition of James Burnham's *Managerial Revolution* in which he disagreed with Burnham that there could be any solution other than socialism to the contradictions inherent in a capitalist system. "It is possible," he wrote, "to destroy capitalist private property without having destroyed capitalism . . . the dictatorial regimes of Mr. James Burnham, far from constituting a definite type towards which human societies are developing, only represent at best an 'intermediate stage.'" He made the important point that it was necessary to secure democratic control of the means of production and distribution of a society and that to place a class of technicians and specialists in control of the economy would only be to substitute one form of class domination for another.

Georges Bourgin, a French socialist professor, has developed this thought further in his recent books on socialism, in which he maintains that we are now in the transitory stage of a "state economy"—i.e. that the technical conditions of concentration of production and organization are being attained by the state but this alone is not socialism. The next step is to apply democratic control of the instruments of production and to employ them to satisfy the needs of society as a whole. Bourgin adds that the stage of "state economies" through which we are now passing leads to a struggle between each state economy and the resulting domination of one state over another, whereas a true socialist economy must be built on an international scale.

Léon Blum was a statesman and an idealist who served his country and his fellow-men. His intellectual brilliance may have sometimes separated him from the masses of people who followed him in his perpetual struggle to bring social justice, peace, opportunity and freedom to mankind. But propelled by an unshaken faith in the goodness of human nature, his integrity, purpose and sincerity were unquestioned even although his judgments might have been criticized. What more need be said of a man?

Léon Blum never forgot the international aspects of the socialist movement and I can best end this tribute by quoting his own succinct summary of socialist aims: "To give to each individual his just and proper place in a collective society, to give to each nation its just place in the international community where not only the independence but also the originality of each people will be respected, that is socialism, and if this is not realized, there will never be any victory because there will never have been any peace." (Paris, March 31, 1950)

PATRICIA VAN DER ECHE.

Freedom Under Socialism

David Smith

► MANY PEOPLE fear that under socialism we will lose our freedom, quoting as evidence the increasing number of restrictions and regulations that governments, particularly socialist governments, introduce. However most people are not too clear as to just what freedom is.

One friend of mine said: "You don't know what freedom is until you've lost it." This is the negative attitude which would define freedom as the number of restrictions we've got used to. This theory fits with the laissez-faire, individualist theories on which our society is supposed to be organized. But the wife of this friend disagreed vigorously with his definition. She said that "freedom is opportunity." And this has of course always been true. Merchants wanted to be free of tariffs and taxes so that they could trade. Other people wanted to be free of religious restrictions so they could worship God in their own way.

In spite of the dangers in a positive definition of freedom, it is necessary to use it because people always do want specific freedoms, and the negative definition is inadequate to the job of indicating where new restraints and new opportunities are to be established.

The two points which I should like to develop are:

(1) The growth of technology has destroyed any chance there ever was for the laissez-faire theories of society to be useful. We actually live in an inter-dependent world, which means that the efficient governing of our society can only be managed by a centralized authority. Coupled with this centralization of authority is the growth of specialization and a most undemocratic reliance on experts.

(2) We have largely failed to establish a positive definition of democratic freedom that can guide us in the formulation of restraints and opportunities. Because we are using notions that are out of date and do not fit our new situation we are frustrated, confused, and afraid.

This threat to freedom comes from the growth of centralized authority and the reliance we place on experts, plus our failure to develop the meaning of democracy.

The primary threat to freedom obviously does not come from socialism, and the arguments showing that socialism increases our freedoms are too obvious to need elaboration. To be free to choose what work you'll do if there is no work, or to be free to choose your own doctor if you can't pay for any doctor, is transparent nonsense. If public planning will provide jobs, free health services, a place to live, equal educational opportunities, security in old age, then these are clear and definite goods, solid extensions of the area of freedom. Debate about these matters is scarcely worth anyone's time. The fault is that socialists tend to rest their case at this point, which is much too early.

Our problem is not whether or not we'll have planning. Centralized authority is a fact in our society. Our problem is to develop a new administrative pattern that is democratic and that will protect us from the threat always inherent in the possession of power by any group of men. The threat is obvious if the planning is done privately for private good, but it is no less a threat when it is public planning in the public interest. The thing people fear is that power will corrupt. We know it has in the past; we fear it will again; and many people prefer the troubles they have to the prospect of new ones.

That centralization threatens freedom is not new. Centralized control of business has provided first-class political

MOULTON

COLLEGE

Established 1888

70-88 BLOOR STREET EAST
TORONTO

RESIDENTIAL AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

GRADE I TO XIII

*Central Location
Roomy Residences
Modern Laboratories
New Gymnasium
High Academic Standards*

School Re-opens Sept. 13th

*For illustrated brochures, write
the Principal*

MISS MARJORIE TROTTER, M.A.

debating material for years. In education the school board gives way to the Area Board. Dominion-Provincial relationships are one of our headaches. In most cases national sovereignty is more fiction than fact, and our desperate efforts to keep the world divided into at least two parts seem likely to blow us all to bits. (Not that disintegration is a hopeful solution to the problem of centralization.)

Centralization threatens freedom because techniques have not been worked out to plan on the scale demanded. We can settle whether to build a new school in our town or not, but how can we deal with the dollar problem by counting ballots? Besides, the planners operating government are more and more removed from the people for whom they plan, more and more absorbed in their own activities, while people in the receiving end in towns and country feel more and more hopeless and frustrated and ignorant. The complexity and the size of the task threatens freedom by excluding people from the processes of making decisions or carrying them out.

Associated with this is the vast amount of technical knowledge and skill required to keep our society going. We may have to put a great deal of faith in the experts and technicians, but it seems to me that the citizen is more and more tempted to yield the whole area of decision-making to the experts, the professionals. This faith in experts is a kind of poison that filters all through society. For example, one of the problems in labor unions is the union member who is prepared to relinquish his rights to the organizer or official because the problems of the union are so complex and difficult. And of course if we abandon our freedom, the expert is prepared to move in and make it permanent. There will be trade-union officials quite ready to run the union. The doctors have no doubt about who should administer a national health plan: doctors with the help of medical economists. Lately this trend reached the peak of ridiculousness when Canadian artists proposed to the Massey Commission that the artists direct all our cultural activities through a national board.

The only answer to this of course is to make sure that the boards and commissions administering or planning cultural or health or any other schemes have a majority of citizen or lay members. We must use the best technical help available, but at no point dare we surrender the final authority of the citizen.

Not only must the citizen be represented on national planning bodies, but democratic planning must offset the dangers of centralization by the establishment of multiple regional and local committees, councils, and boards. Plans made at the centre must be carried out at the circumference, but the authority and the planning process can be distributed over the whole circle.

For example, soil conservation must be planned over a large territory. But it cannot be carried out without the effective co-operation of each farmer. Community and township-county committees all have a part to play in developing and working out the plans for soil conservation. General plans have to be formulated, but they also have to be translated into detailed terms. It is more effective to have such plans carried out by citizen committees with what technical help is necessary than by officials. The same principle applies to planning agricultural production, welfare services, health services, or educational programs. *The bulwarks of freedom in a centralized society will be the local committees manned by citizens who pass along information and ideas on which plans are made and who later interpret and carry out the general plans in their own area.*

Finally, how do we preserve ourselves against the power of the planners? We elect the chairman of the meeting, but

how do we control him after that? By invoking parliamentary rules? Parliamentary rules were invented by lawyers for the purposes of debate, and though they may protect democratic procedure in parliament they are not designed to develop understanding of democratic process, i.e. process which involves the full participation of each person concerned.

We have done relatively little to develop understanding of the processes of democratic action. The basic pattern we follow is autocratic. This is a failure of education. Implicit in our democracy has been the notion that freedom was scarcely possible, or bearable, without education, but the education we've provided has not altered our fundamental attitudes in really significant ways. Information and technical training have been provided but the ways of *thinking* and *acting* that would recognize in practice as well as theory that men are equal have not been developed. We have social equality, equality before the law, and a kind of numerical equality in voting, but the kind of equality that recognizes our differences without creating some kind of hierarchy on the basis of them we have not developed.

All our institutions are arranged in hierarchies and they are hierarchies of *power*. Power flows downward from the top. The authority is *delegated* by the people in our political life and taken in other activities. But however it is secured, it proceeds from the top down.

The authority in a union is invested in the executive. They are elected, but once on top of the heap how often is the leadership changed? The same thing is true of voluntary societies, of political parties, of co-operative businesses, of ladies' aid societies. Our habits are authoritarian.

We talk a lot about making the family democratic, and there are a few democratic families. The school system has been trying for years to become more democratic but without much success. The department still tells the superintendents, who tell the teachers, who tell the pupils. How many voluntary societies have trouble with their elected executive officers? Why?

It seems to me that this is where we have failed to add new content to democracy. I have said that it is dangerous to try to determine the content of freedom positively because that might lead to insisting on everyone's accepting it. Our content has been assumed to be a wide variety of individual development. I think we should try for a new definition in terms of the process, the way of democratic living. Leadership would be defined in terms of function rather than status.

The study club has been called the bulwark of democracy. But ask anyone what are the duties of the chairman and you will get a long list which makes the chairman not only an autocrat but asks him to perform more functions than any one person is capable of performing. When I disputed this with a teacher of study-group methods he said, "But the principle of democracy is that the members delegate their responsibilities to the chairman." And that has been our principle—democracy has been a process of delegation of responsibility. We have to reverse that, and see that the principle of democracy is the assumption of responsibility. What this means in practice is that the members share the leadership functions—each man is a leader when he acts in a leadership role. This kind of training in democracy will add content to freedom.

We need a new pattern of democratic administration. In a government department it is the business of the staff in a division to determine the policy and plan the activities of the division. It is not the business of the director to make these decisions and give orders to the rest. We recognize this in part when we have staff meetings in order to acquaint, and explain, and secure support. But rarely are we prepared to

function with complete democracy. In a government department it is the function of the minister to describe the limits within which the department functions, as prescribed by the legislative assembly. The policy and the work of the department within these limits are the functions of the whole staff and not of the deputy or the minister.

In business, if the way of making a machine or an article is to be changed, the determination of how that change is to be made is the business of the engineer and the workers, working together. Experimentally it has been demonstrated that democratic administration of this kind is more efficient. People who think democracy is inefficient are people who have not tried it. Perhaps they are people who find that it takes too long to get their own way by democratic methods!

We must create a democratic conception of administration if freedom is to be preserved, whether under socialism or not. Such a democratic concept of administration will be completely different from the concept we now have. The democratic conception of the good administrator will recognize his function as a necessary one, *serving* the group, not *bossing* it. I do not think freedom can survive in a democracy on any other terms. But it will be difficult. It will be difficult because most of the leaders that appear in our society have been created within an authoritarian pattern and are suited by temperament and ability to function in an authoritarian way. But administrators who are authoritarian cannot preserve or create democratic freedom. To create a new pattern is difficult because our folkways are against it, but because it will be difficult is no reason for not trying.

Freedom is not now, any more than at any other time, something to be preserved; it is something to be created. Freedom cannot be protected; it can only be extended. If socialism is to contribute to the extension of freedom it will not be through any simple transference of the planning of our economic activities from one group of managers to another. It will be through the development and extension of the techniques of planning and governing, and through the development and use of a new concept of democracy that defines social equality in operational rather than legal terms, and leadership in terms of function rather than status.

Volume Thirty: A Retrospect

(PART II)

Carlton McNaught

► THE FOUNDERS of *The Canadian Forum* belonged to a group of staff members and undergraduates at the University of Toronto who had published, towards the close of the twentieth century's second decade, a college magazine called *The Rebel*. The new periodical, therefore, drew heavily at the start upon academic sources for its editors and writers; and this has continued to be the practice down through the years, though almost from the beginning talent was sought and found in the ranks also of professional journalists and writers, civil servants, lawyers, scientists, painters, musicians, poets, and amateurs of all the arts.

The immense body of good critical comment on current affairs and on the arts, of poetry, fiction and informative articles, that has appeared in *The Canadian Forum* over three decades testifies to the debt the magazine and its readers have always owed to brilliant and alert minds in our Canadian universities.

The first directors, as shown on the masthead of Vol. I, No. 1 (May, 1920), were: Gilbert E. Jackson, chairman;

Barker Fairley, literary editor; C. B. Sissons, political editor; Peter Sandford, business manager; Huntly K. Gordon, press editor. But, as became its academic origins, the editors were backed by an advisory committee from amongst whom they had been chosen. For some years the chairmanship of the committee and the editorial board was alternated between certain of its members. It was not until 1924 that a "general editor" was appointed; and this post was held, from August, 1924, to December, 1927, by Richard de Brisay. It was then taken over by J. Francis White, who continued in that office until the magazine passed under different control in May, 1934.

In January, 1925, the magazine first published the names of the committee, which, it stated, "has recently added to its number and is now composed of the following members [whom it listed alphabetically]: B. R. Brooker, H. J. Davis, Richard de Brisay, Barker Fairley, Margaret A. Fairley, Huntly K. Gordon, Lawren Harris, Samuel H. Hooke, George Hunter, Gilbert E. Jackson, Fred Jacob, H. R. Kemp, J. E. H. Macdonald, Vera Parsons, John D. Robins, W. D. Woodhead." As time went on, some members dropped off and others were added. Those in addition to the above-named who served on the committee at one time or another during the years up to 1934 were: Peter Sandford, E. H. Blake, J. Francis White, Merrill Denison, Ernest MacMillan, G. H. Duff, N. A. MacKenzie, Gilbert Norwood, Thoreau Macdonald, Henry Button, George H. Locke, Carroll Atkins, R. Keith Hicks, Robert Ayre, and Charles Comfort. Several of these served also at times on the editorial board proper.

Literary editors during this period of fourteen years were, at various times, Barker Fairley, H. J. Davis and E. K. Brown. Short editorials on current affairs were written by various members of the board, and for almost three years these were preceded by two or more pages of such comment written and signed by Richard de Brisay, who (to quote an obituary tribute published in March, 1931) "for more than two and a half years bore the weight of the journal almost alone and carried it forward through a time of what appeared to others as almost unsurmountable difficulties." This undoubtedly has reference, not only to financial stress, but to the difficulty at times in getting people to write for a journal that seemed continually on the point of "folding."

Nevertheless, during the first six years, signed articles on a wide variety of topics by the immediate associates in the project were supplemented by contributions from writers as varied in outlook as Professor James Mavor (who gave his personal recollections of Count Leo Tolstoy), principal W. L. Grant, E. W. Beatty, B. K. Sandwell, John S. Ewart, James T. Gunn, J. J. Morrison, J. S. Woodsworth, and (to name some foreign contributors) Harry Elmer Barnes, Major C. H. Douglas (of Social Credit fame), and Scott Nearing. Ottawa correspondence was supplied for a time by John A. Stevenson (also Canadian correspondent of *The Times* of London); and for several years a page of comment on trade and industry was written by Gilbert E. Jackson, assisted occasionally by H. Mitchell, Phillip Woolfen, R. A. Daly, and others.

Generous space was given to book reviews; and critical comment on literature, painting, music and the theatre was furnished by such outstanding writers as Pelham Edgar, G. S. Brett, Barker Fairley, W. D. Woodhead, Gilbert Norwood, J. S. Will, J. D. Robins, H. J. Davis, H. A. Innis, O. D. Shelton, John Macnaughten, W. P. M. Kennedy, Salem Bland, A. Y. Jackson, F. B. Housser, Ernest MacMillan, Campbell McInnes, and Leo Smith. From February, 1925, to his death in the spring of 1928, a monthly causerie on the theatre was written by Fred Jacob, dramatic critic of *The Mail and Empire*.

Canadian poets of both established and rising reputation contributed their verse—Duncan Campbell Scott, Bliss Carman, Louise Morey Bowman, A. J. M. Smith, Robert Finch, J. E. H. Macdonald, Arthur L. Phelps, Josephine Barrington, among them. Short stories by Raymond Knister, J. D. Robins, E. H. Blake, Mary Quayle Innis, Paul A. W. Wallace, and others, set the high standard which was maintained in subsequent years. And almost from the first *The Canadian Forum* began to reproduce drawings in black and white which familiarized its readers with the work of the Group of Seven and their successors, as well as of the older and (later) the younger Canadian artists. In July, 1924, there appeared on the front cover the first striking linoleum cuts by Thoreau Macdonald which for almost ten years remained a distinguishing characteristic of the magazine. During much of this period the journal had the active co-operation on its board of the two Macdonalds, J. E. H. and Thoreau, and of Lauren Harris. With the aid of these and of its brilliant succession of literary editors, *The Canadian Forum* laid the foundations of its continuing reputation as a journal of literary and artistic excellence.

When, in April, 1927, the firm of J. M. Dent & Sons Ltd. generously assumed the financial burden of production which had become discouragingly heavy, the struggling plant that had been nurtured in toil and faith for six and a half years took on an even fairer bloom. Its writers continued to work without pay in coin of the realm, but assurance of the magazine's stability acted as a tonic and increased both the number and the fertility of its contributors. New by-lines on articles and book reviews began to mingle with those of the older editors and contributors. At the risk of invidiousness, the following might be mentioned: F. H. Underhill, Edgar McInnis, Felix Walter, Norman Rogers, W. H. Alexander, D. G. Creighton, J. L. McDougall, H. Steinhauser, R. Flenley, R. K. Gordon, J. S. Brebner, S. Delbert Clark, E. A. Beder, F. R. Scott, G. M. A. Grube, L. C. Marsh, E. A. Forsey, E. A. Havelock, Escott Reid, A. F. W. Plumptre, Joseph McCulley. Special reference should be made to the monthly column of penetrating and witty comment headed "O Canada" and signed F.H.U., which began to appear in May, 1932, and continued regularly for two years, inaugurating the long connection with *The Canadian Forum*, as an editor and a brilliant political critic, of Frank H. Underhill.

In book reviewing and critical writing on literature and the arts there were notable accessions—E. K. Brown, R. S. Knox, M. W. Wallace, L. A. McKay, A. F. B. Clark, J. F. Macdonald, W. E. Collin, H. R. MacCallum, Leon Edel, Elizabeth Wyn Wood, C. A. Ashley, D. C. McGregor, G. de T. Glazebrook, R. Keith Hicks, Rupert Caplan, Jehanne Bietry Salinger, and many others. There were lively series on New Writers, on Canadian Writers of Today, and on Canadian Writers of the Past. Regular attention was given to the "little theatre" movement, then beginning to arouse interest, and to "the screen." And in February, 1929, one of the Founders, Barker Fairley, began his delightful causeries on books and writers, headed "Preferences" and signed Inconstant Reader, which remained a regular feature for many months.

Among the poets, also, new names appeared—F. R. Scott, Leo Kennedy, Abraham M. Klein, Dorothy Livesay, Alan B. Creighton, Joseph Schull, Clara Hopper, A. S. Bourinot, Eleanor McNaught, Edmund Fancott, Mona Gould, G. A. Newman, H. Rooney Pelletier, and others too numerous to list.

Many of those who contributed most frequently to the magazine at this period and earlier showed amazing virtuosity: J. D. Robins and L. A. McKay, equally effulgent in verse, short stories, topical articles, and literary criticism;

Barker and Margaret Fairley in verse and critical writing; Bertram Brooker in critical articles, in short stories, in verse, and in pen drawings; Dorothy Livesay in verse and in short stories—to name a very few. Most of these virtuosi also turned their hands frequently to book reviewing, and some to editorial writing. Two Canadian novelists of distinction, Frederick Philip Grove and Mazo de la Roche, were represented by both verse and prose. And there were notable contributions from such internationally known guests as Rabindranath Tagore and Upton Sinclair.

Short stories grew in number and in excellence, among the writers in this field being Mary Quayle Innis, Leo Kennedy, Luella Bruce Creighton, J. D. Robins, L. A. McKay, Eleanor McNaught, Jean Burton, Dorothy Livesay, Bertram Brooker, John Revanhill, E. A. Beder, Alan Creighton, Mary Weekes, Marcus Adeney, D. C. McArthur, Mary Cornell, Harold Strong, Audrey Alexander Brown. In Edward O'Brien's Yearbook of the American Short Story for 1932, *The Canadian Forum* was one of the three magazines given 100% rating, all of the eleven stories printed between May 1, 1931 and April 30, 1932, being listed in the "distinctive" category. The authors were: Luella Bruce Creighton, Edwin Arthur Beder, Mary Cornell, Mary Quayle Innis (3), C. N. Lea, L. A. McKay, Eleanor McNaught, Ursell Mull, and John Ravenhill. Miss Creighton's story, "Miss Kidd," was included in the Roll of Honor for that year. *Canadian Forum* short stories continued to receive a high rating in this and other Yearbooks over the years.

The magazine kept up its practice of presenting black and white work by contemporary Canadian artists in every issue; and in 1929 a series of clever caricatures of Canadian celebrities by Jack MacLaren enlivened its pages. A well-filled correspondence department exhibited active controversies on such burning questions as the proper subjects for Canadian art; the Group of Seven; war memorials; a Canadian flag; Hart House theatre; the saving of God; the work of Marjorie Pickthall and Joseph Conrad; and farmers' co-operatives.

The names mentioned in this article give but a faint idea of the number and productiveness of *Canadian Forum* writers during its first fourteen years. No hint was given, up to the issue of April, 1934, of the clouds that were gathering over the devoted heads of those who had been responsible for assembling this rich and varied fare. But the Great Depression showed no signs of lifting; and in that month readers were informed that the Dent firm had found it necessary to withdraw its financial support, and the burden of editorship and financing was to be assumed by a new group.

Of the changes in management and contributory personnel that took place in the ensuing years, something will be said in a third and concluding article.

SOCIALIST ECONOMICS

By G. D. H. Cole

This brilliant book, fulfilling a long-felt need, outlines as simply as possible the theoretical foundations of present-day democratic Socialism. Here are the ideas that prompt the various practical measures taken to advance the "welfare state."

\$2.00

L O N G M A N S

Andrew Allan

Lister Sinclair

► IT IS NOW A COMMONPLACE to say that the CBC Drama Department has, in Andrew Allan, a genius at its head. Indeed, it is a commonplace that most positions of public eminence in Canada are filled by men who are said to be geniuses. Most of them, however, turn out to be the kind of genius who is not any good at anything specific, least of all his job. We are fortunate to enjoy such a large collection of disembodied, abstract geniuses, whose high talents never condescend to mere achievement. But Andrew Allan is not one of them.

Canada stands in the world today at the very top of the difficult field of radio drama (and how difficult it is, you can easily tell from the vast quantity of bad radio drama which appears). And this achievement is due to Andrew more than to any other single person. He has made this very remarkable impression by the happy combination of his personality and his talents.

Two or three years ago, there was a big Fancy Dress Party in Toronto. Andrew was rather late, but when he did appear it was in the costume of an extravagant-looking Cossack officer. He marched in at the top of his spirits in this get-up; and everyone since has agreed that the portrait of the kind-hearted Cossack is the inner secret of Andrew's personality. More soberly, it means that his habit while working always suggests what Kent said to Lear: "You have that in your countenance, which I would fain call master." "What's that?" "Authority."

When Andrew is conducting a rehearsal, there is never any doubt which way to turn for suggestions, for guidance, and for orders. He himself always has the authority, and it is so sure and so decisive, that it never needs to be asserted. Of all the producers I know, Andrew is the one who has most authority, and yet takes most suggestions from his company. He does not regard himself as the sole origin of all the good ideas; he regards himself merely as their watchdog. Not, mind you, that he does not occasionally make mistakes. There are many occasions when I thought at the time he was making some wrong choice; and there are even some occasions when I thought so much later as well. But in the theatre, the complicated confused world of artistic creation where so many different artists must be made to work together, and where, in radio every one of them is haggard with the necessity of working to the clock, confidence and authority is the most valuable asset of personality a director can have.

But this is not enough without the two pillars of artistic success: discipline and study. To succeed in any one of the three arts of acting, writing, and producing it is essential that a man should know all about all three of them. Again, Andrew is one of the few producers who knows as much about acting as his actors, and as much about writing as his writers: or nearly as much! Furthermore, he is personally accomplished in these two other fields. We shall none of us soon forget the nervous, sinewy performance he has twice given in Sophocles' great play *Oedipus the King*; and I personally shall not soon forget his extraordinary accomplishments in my own two monologues: *No Scandal in Spain*, and *Epitaph on a War of Liberation*.

As far as writing is concerned, Stage 50 and CBC Wednesday Night have both been graced by some of his adaptations (*Kidnapped*, for example, or *The Way of the World*). And in the *Oracles are Dumb* (written in collaboration with John Bethune) Andrew has produced one of the very few

The Canadian Forum continues its series of profiles of well-known contemporary Canadians in this study of Andrew Allan by his equally famous colleague, Lister Sinclair.

Canadian radio classics, a play which so far continues to improve on repetition. Very lately, Toronto audiences were able to see the New Play Society's production of Andrew's first stage play: *Narrow Passage*. In spite of all his successes in the drama, I feel myself that Andrew's talents as a writer lean irresistibly toward the novel. His plays almost always contain too much material (a rare and welcome fault), and their easy discursive action often suggests to my ear the sound of a novel adapted for the stage. Perhaps soon he will actually produce one of the several novels he claims to have been working on for some years; and when that happens, I am sure Canadian letters will be very much the richer.

There is, however, one thing which I think you must always take into account about Andrew. It is that his attitude and sympathies are essentially those of the great Victorians. Those of us that know him at all are well aware of his great fondness for Victorian prints; Victorian essays, and the rich, sumptuous world of Victorian literature. This, undoubtedly, is why he is such a good producer of Charles Dickens, perhaps even more so of the dark Victorians, like Sheridan Le Fanu.

But there is a more fundamental sense in which Andrew is spiritually allied to the Victorians. That is the peculiar combination of authority and learning, with doubt and self-challenging. I know of very few artists who, when they take stock of their achievements, do so with as much relentless self-examination as Andrew does. As a producer, he is certainly at his best when meeting a challenge: as a man, he alternates between going out of his way to devise challenges, or secretly reproaching himself for not doing so. I do not think there is any question that it is this attitude of mind which has led to Andrew's great success. No other producer, perhaps in the world, has, in the course of years, absorbed so much new material, and so often remodelled and reshaped what many men would have been proud to regard as an assured basis for their life-work. This particular combination of pride and humility is, I feel, particularly Victorian; it is the kind of thing that you can find in, say, Matthew Arnold. In the end, it makes for a happy life, and probably for a successful artistic life. I do not think it makes for a particularly merry life; and certainly Andrew, though he laughs readily and often, is, I think, very heavily imbued with another of Arnold's attributes: high seriousness. If he takes any respite from grappling with the problems of his creative life, he invariably charges it to his conscience and the fall from artistic concentration is heavily paid for in remorse. Andrew's whole career can, I think, be summed up admirably in Goethe's great remark that from day to day we know only disappointments: achievement comes slowly from year to year.

Toronto
THE VANGUARD THEATRE SCHOOL
 Sponsored by the CCYM Directed by Ann Marshall
 presents
"CRAIG'S WIFE"
 by George Kelly
Hart House Theatre, Wed., May 10, 8.15 p.m.
Admission 50c
 For tickets, telephone Olive Richardson, GE. 2024

O CANADA

Rev. Williams Hills . . . said: "One of the best things free men can do for their country is to exploit the natural resources. . . . It is the lazy people of a community who vote for collective enterprise. It's an insect philosophy and I want to be a man."

(The Vancouver Daily Province)

J. M. Macdonnell (P.C., Toronto-Greenwood) . . . agreed divorce might sometimes be a necessity, said he was sorry to see the resolution come before the House. Growth of divorce in a community, he declared, was equivalent to deterioration of society. Marriage, he believed, was too easy. He suggested a three-hour marriage service might help.

(Globe and Mail)

Mr. Carroll introduced several exhibits, Bell newspaper ads, one of which showed a pretty girl under a caption: "Telephone work is never boring." Another ad, published in a French language newspaper, quoted a girl as saying her companions are agreeable and the restrooms "are a paradise." Mr. Carroll asked if Bell didn't think it should cut out some of the frills, such as paradise rest rooms, to save money. Mr. Scrivener said the quotes were taken directly from the girl in an interview. He couldn't help it if the girl thought the rest rooms were paradise.

(Globe and Mail)

VICTORIA, B.C., March 28—(B.U.P.)—Dean G. R. Calvert, of Christ Church Cathedral, said yesterday that Canasta is one of the chief distractions which keeps people from carrying out religious devotion to God. Calvert said a true Christian could not worship the "big three"—golf, bridge, and canasta—and at the same time worship God.

(The Montreal Daily Star)

time-study expert Phil Carroll told a . . . conference of industrial engineers . . . "Use the principle of music while you work, but don't try to adjust the tempo of working to a music pattern. There are experts to tell you what sort of music you can use. And, if the worker doesn't like it, at least he is kept busy swearing at it and his mind is kept off his personal problems."

(The Montreal Gazette)

Leslie Mutch, M.P. . . . even dared to venture onto the heavily mined (politically and economically) ground of social security and the almost universal craving to be looked after. "It is not a native Canadian development," he said. "It has seeped in from both the United Kingdom and the United States. In Canada it is an ill fitting garment that hampers our development and could strangle us."

(The Montreal Gazette)

This month's prize of a six months' subscription goes to J. A. Young, Vancouver, B.C. All contributions should contain original clipping, date and name of publication.

The Summer Camp Incident

Colleen Thibaudau (SHORT STORY)

► THE SUMMER-CAMP INCIDENT, not forgotten but recently of headline importance, had a beginning and an ending in New York. It ended one Christmas when Maxie and George got together to talk over Maxie's new plan for making the South popular as a warm weather resort. There was a big stack of Christmas cards, unopened and opened on the table.

"These recall anything to you?" asked Maxie.

George through a nostalgic mist saw that they bore the same crest as the one he had painted on his airplane the summer before when he and Maxie had had the camp.

"Yeah," said George. "They must be from the boys, eh?"

"That's a hundred per cent right," said Maxie. "Do you remember those boys, George? Great strong creatures. You know, we'll never see kids like that again."

The summer-camp incident began in New York one spring-time when Maxie and George met the oldtimer in the bar off Broadway. In the course of a golden afternoon he managed to sell them an authentic piece of Canadian bushland, wonderfully suitable for the Boys' Camp they had at that moment decided to start. George was a veteran pilot who

had put his gratuity into a small transport line of three planes. Maxie was the idea man; he looked after the social angle, sending out letters and folders to picked families in the border cities.

One of these letters was sent to Mrs. Wellridge who presently packed off little Lincoln with the requisite number of blankets, single sheets, and flashlights. He went up to the lakehead by boat just after school got out, and was a great pet of the maiden ladies on board. Lincoln at eight had a considerable degree of charm, was conducting his own Sunday morning Quiz Program, and could size up a box of Laura Secord's with an endearing nonchalance. Because he was the youngest, George felt compelled to give him a handkerchief that night putting him to bed in the improvised tent. Lincoln, however, soon got up and sat outside the bunkhouse for a good two hours listening to the conversation of Maxie and George so that in the morning he was able to tell the others that this was no ordinary camp.

The fact was that Maxie and George had been gypped by the oldtimer. When he had come in two days before by canoe, Maxie, in his admitted ignorance of the Canadian wilderness, had known that here was nothing to justify the "magnificent lake for boating," "gorgeous riding trails," and "sensational equipment for sports in the rough" he had glibly mentioned in the prospectus.

"So we're in a spot," said George, who took things in slowly and in terms of airplanes. "That's too bad, 'cause I would have made quite a bit flying them in."

"Hah! Who says we're in a spot?" said Maxie, giving him a strong slap of encouragement. "I got another angle. You know what this site really is? We didn't buy a camp. We bought a mine. We got a fortune on our hands if we work it right," he added modestly.

"So we're rich," said George. "But what about the camp? We'll have to give back the dough. No more flying in boys. I was beginning to like the life, too."

"Hah!" said Maxie. "Now that's just where you got it wrong. We don't give the dough back. And we bring in three times as many kids as originally planned. Who did you think was going to do the mining anyhow?"

"Those little boys. . . ." said George.

"Those strong well-fed boys," corrected Maxie. "A real mine to play with. I consider them pretty lucky kids."

The next day Maxie gave the boys a little talk.

"Hi, kids, I'm Maxie," he said, "and George you've already met. Now kids this is a different kind of a camp. I know you're going to like it a lot. The fact is that this camp is built over a genuine coal mine. Anybody here ever been down a mine?" Some of them had, and Maxie hastened on. "Well you know just how much fun it can be. Now kids I've got a real day planned for us." He went on to elaborate plans for the mine. They all cheered wildly. Then they went to work.

Maxie went into the bunkhouse and worked out a few plans for organization. He decided to put a boy from the Military College in charge of the whole operation. This was Peterson who was fifteen. Peterson came in just then to report something he had discovered about the water supply. They went over the rest of the reports together. They noticed that Mrs. Wellridge had marked Lincoln's card "bronchitic."

"Wouldn't be good for him in the mine do you think, sir?" asked Peterson.

HALIFAX—by LEONARD BROOKS



"Hum, definitely bad," agreed Maxie.

"I think he'd be good for the checker at the pithead, if you don't mind me suggesting it, sir?" said Peterson.

"Hah," said Maxie. "Definitely good."

* * *

"Say, we're getting on like wildfire," said Maxie to George at the end of the first week. "Of course we haven't mined a whole lot yet, but that kid Peterson is a natural-born organizer. Tells me he's got everything under control. Know what they've done now? Elected supervisors for every tent area. Go round to check that everyone's up, areas clean, boys clean, all that. You'd be surprised, George, at the kid's efficiency. Catches on pretty quick. Kids are great little imitators you know."

"Some of them seem interested in flying," said George. "I promised them a flip on Sunday."

"Never know but we might have a shift working on Sunday," said Maxie. "Committee decided to cut hours the rest of the week and test the output. Hah! Next year how about having a camp for girls? Bring back the Spinning Jenny?"

At night the boys lay quiet with exhaustion in their tents. Supreme quiet was the order of the Committee. When they were not in the mine they did the organized labor about the camp. Different gangs were engaged in the cooking, cleaning, and washing. Every two weeks they signed and sent out the form letters-to-parents; Maxie was assured that most would pass unread. And they were all getting a nice deep black tan, Maxie joked. Peterson gradually took over more and more of the camp regulation and discipline. Once when a new seam was reported he did not even trouble to tell Maxie about it, ordering operations to proceed as directed. He never relaxed. A real military figure, as Maxie said, but he grew increasingly aware that he was disliked by the boys. Maxie went around with his face one big beam, telling George about the way everyone banged their knives and sang at the table, and how they seemed so happy they had forgotten all about going home. Someone indeed had approached him about winter underwear.

Little Lincoln had the job of checking the workers on each shift. He blew the starting and quitting whistle and his face when he marked an X against a latecomer had all the cold intensity of that of his immediate boss, Peterson, whom he desired to be like in all ways, even asking his mother in a postscript to let him go to Military College for the rest of his schooling. He had two great worries. Because he was not allowed to descend the shaft and was the only boy who was not technically a miner, he knew that everyone despised him. It was little Lincoln who had asked Maxie for the underwear. It was also little Lincoln who expressed his unhappiness by being the dirtiest boy in the camp. The Committee threatened him repeatedly.

On the seventh of August after a healthful six weeks in the pit, one bright and bowling day Peterson appeared at the pithead and told Lincoln that he was going down for a tour of inspection. It seemed to him that in the last few days production had fallen behind the statistical graph he and Lincoln had prepared. Peterson had molded a Gestapo of the Committee, but lately they had reported nothing.

"You see, after all you have to do everything yourself," he said to Lincoln. "All this talk about democracy is only theory."

Little Lincoln looked casually at Peterson as he stepped into the cage. Over the top of his horn-rimmed glasses Peterson looked at him with a look that would have inspired fear in stronger men.

"And I wish you'd take a bath," he said.

He descended.

Of late, very imperceptibly, the first enthusiasm for mining had worn off, being just as quietly replaced by a new feeling among the boys. There was none of the early fever of over-production. They were coming to the end of the seam, rumor ran, and if they were to keep up the pace there would be no more coal in another week, and they would be thrown out of work. They began to mutter in the mine and take time off to tell obscene stories and to smoke the peculiar root tobacco they made. And they sent up only half the coal they mined each day. A Toronto boy spoke darkly and knowingly of unions.

From the instant Peterson descended the pit, he sensed the changed atmosphere.

"What's all this whispering and loafing about?" he said at last. "Herton, you're a member of the Committee, speak up."

Herton, from a long line of UEL stockbrokers, blushed to the roots of his hair. "Seems they want a union," he said.

Peterson sputtered for a moment and then went sensibly back to the cage and signalled Lincoln to draw him up. In the dark mine behind him the boys began to sing something that sounded unionistic. Peterson waited.

Little Lincoln had gone to have a bath. He sat up to his chin in a big tub of water in the kitchen of the Lodge. Maxie and George had gone down to Milltown for the day, just three hundred miles away. When the water got cold, he lit the stove and heated up some more. At half-past-six when he had eaten eleven tins of cold pork and beans he heard the sound of the returning airplane.

"Hah! Must be working overtime tonight," said Maxie jovially. "Pretty soon we'll have to start paying them for it."

"Hello sonny, havin' a bath," said George cheerfully.

"Nothing like cleanliness I always say," said Maxie. A little later he said, "Say sonny, would you mind going out to the mine and telling Wellridge to blow the quitting whistle."

"I am Wellridge," said little Lincoln in his best child-actor voice. "There's been a disaster in the mine. Peterson went down and right after there was a big explosion. Everything flooded. They couldn't turn the gates. I said they should have used my invention. Then the fire swept through. You should have heard it roar. I got on fire and ran up here to put it out."

"Yikes!" said Maxie. "What an imagination! You had me sweatin' for a moment." He took a soothing drink of beer.

"All the same," said George, "fire is a dangerous thing to fool with. Maybe I better move the plane."

* * *

When Maxie and George reached the office they heard a steady buzzing noise from underground—the voices of boys hungry for their dinner.

"Whatsa matter?" yelled Maxie, leaning forward down the shaft. The voices changed. "We're hungry. Get us up." "Where's Wellridge?" This last was Peterson, but another voice cut sharply across it. "Get us up, see."

Little Lincoln, who had crept out to see what was happening, shivered through to the ground. Maxie organized temporary relief measures, lowering a basket of provisions on a long rope, while George tried to talk Lincoln into restoring the essential switch he had removed from the raising apparatus. At first Lincoln pleaded amnesia. What mine? What boys? The howling in the pit grew more desperate. At last Lincoln made a deal with George. When the

first cage-load of trapped miners came up, looking round them with angry purpose. Lincoln was already in the air, headed toward the lakehead and home.

Half of the boys, when they wolfed down some food, tumbled into bed straight away. The rest, rowdy members of the newly-elected union, wanted to talk to Maxie. Peterson was in the last cage. His face was bruised and dirty and he spoke in subdued tones to Maxie.

"We must try to restore order," he said.

"This is order," said the Head of the Union. "You'll be dealing with us about conditions and hours after this," he said to Maxie. "But first we want to attend to that little scab. Where is he?"

Maxie invited the union leaders up to the Lodge for a beer to celebrate the occasion. They decided to train another boy for Lincoln's position, and Peterson graciously consented to show him the ropes. Much to their chagrin no one could be found to replace Peterson, who continued in his previous duties, though with the enhancement of considerable red-tape.

The camp continued in much the same way and would probably have continued to operate till the end of the season, had it not been for little Lincoln. Going home on the lake-boat he told his favorite old ladies the whole story of the camp, painting a dreadful picture of the mine and the slave labor that served it. Plied with sherry, little Lincoln developed his tale at the Captain's table, and finally the Toronto newspapers got hold of the story to create the biggest sensation of the year—the Camp Scandal which was on every front page along with a picture of little Lincoln looking a lot like Oliver Twist.

The appearance of the newspaper story was the knell of the camp. Indignant telegrams hummed over the wires, and the mayor of Fort MacArthur, flown in by Rangers, verified the story to such an extent that authorities ordered evacuation of the boys. Maxie was heartbroken. The Head of the Union argued with the Mounties that it was only the turnover from bureaucracy to socialism that had caused a temporary confusion. George found the increase of air travel so great that he had to hire ten bush-pilots to deal with the influx of newsmen, parents, and prospectors. He sold out his shares in the mine to one of these. The Lake Pointer region began to enjoy a boom comparable only to that of Callendar. Peterson's father came from the East by helicopter to remove his distracted son.

Lincoln Wellridge got himself a spot on a national hook-up with a dramatized version of the camp story. This besides his regular Quiz show kept him busy enough and he did not regret having to leave school and being tutored at home. This latter was a direct consequence of an attack with bricks and boulders on his bedroom window by a socialist home from St. Catharines for the weekend.

* * * *

"He used to get sick when I took him up," said George.

"It's kids like that," said Maxie, "that make it hard for the rest of us to earn an honest living."

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Please give old address as well when sending your change of address to the Circulation Dept. If your subscription has expired please renew now. Rates: One year \$3, Two years \$5.

THE CANADIAN FORUM

16 Huntley Street

Toronto 5, Canada

On The Air

Allan Sangster

► BY THE TIME this reaches print many of the programs which have entertained or bored you through the winter months will either have gone into summer hibernation or, at best, will be not long for this world. Among those we have liked and have not yet mentioned have been the Dickens Monday night series and Citizens' Forum, which last, after a sticky start, improved very much and maintained a pleasantly high average quality. Much remains to be done, however, on the difficult task of finding informed, opinionated and articulate citizens who are willing to take part in these broadcasts.

Mention should be made, too, of those most-listened-to and at the same time critically-most-neglected programs of all: the invaluable little items prepared and served up to us so persistently by the gentlemen of the CBC News Service. "Neither snow nor rain nor heat nor gloom of night stays these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds," and that these rounds are among the best of their kind in the world goes almost without saying. That the News Service has survived so long (almost ten years) without once having had its objectivity and integrity effectively challenged is a great tribute both to the organization and to the Corporation's Chief News Editor, Mr. D. C. McArthur. Some slight concern has apparently been felt by the Corporation over the fact that fewer people are listening to CBC News—in the jargon of the trade, "its ratings have dropped." This, I suggest, means only that with the end of war there is less interest in news, and that the sponsored bulletins (a mistake ever to have relaxed that regulation), many of which resort to the worst practices of yellow journalism, are attracting more listeners. In short, nothing which the CBC need worry about, except in the way of keeping tighter leashes on the more rabid of the sensationalists.

The past season has brought, in the Ford Theatre under the direction of Alan Savage, a notable addition to Canadian hour-long dramatic programs. We deliberately refrained from comment upon this series earlier in the season, conscious that Mr. Savage was tackling a very considerable job without too much experience. Has has, we think, come through very well, and has thus made, in Ford Theatre, a considerable, if largely commercial, contribution to Canadian radio drama. Ford and Mr. Savage are also to be commended on the impartiality of their casting—the available work has been distributed over the members of the acting colony, including many beginners. At the same time one must point out that Toronto is probably the only Canadian city in which a venture of this kind could have been so immediately successful. This is because of the presence here of a large number of trained and experienced actors and musicians, most of whom received their skill and experience at the hands of Andrew Allan and his cohorts of the CBC's Department of Drama.

Last Ford Theatre show for the season is on May twelfth, after which the house will be dark till next October.

To the short list of Canadian radio indispensables printed a month or two ago I should of course have added the name of Giselle, for certainly no one else has ever appeared who can do her sort of thing with anything approaching her spirit and charm. But, if I may cavil a little, in her afternoon program (The Girl Next Door) her spoken copy is too often dull or maudlinly sentimental. The list should also include the two top news readers Earl Cameron and Harry

Mannis. It is surely worthy of note that the whole CBC announcer staff provided only one Earl Cameron, and that several years went by before another voice and personality turned up with comparable undecorated sincerity and authority.

One of the members of our Editorial Board, Edith Fowke, is currently preparing a program: *Folk Song Time*, heard Saturdays on the Trans-Canada Network, at 2.00 p.m. Well documented, well narrated, and crammed with charming and interesting music, we think you might like to listen.

Morning Specials, that flagrant violator of the commercial time regulations which we mentioned last month, continues on its merry way, unrepentant and unchecked. We have monitored it regularly, and its commercial time still averages two to three times the regulation amount.

Further checking, however, has revealed an even more disturbing fact. Not only is the CBC allowing the privately-owned stations to get away with murder, but it is permitting its own commercial clients, on its own stations, to commit, if not murder, at least a sizeable portion of mayhem.

Two soap operas recently acquired by Dominion Network (neither of which, oddly enough, sells soap) are doing very nicely in the way of thumbing their noses at the law and riding high wide and handsome on excess commercial time. *When A Girl Marries* (coffee) had two hundred and eighteen seconds of plugs on the day checked; *Portia Faces Life* (jelly) had two hundred and five seconds on the two occasions monitored. Both shows, it should be noted, use the peculiarly iniquitous device called the trailer. This is an auxiliary plug, in these cases thirty to forty-five seconds long, having nothing to do with the primary product but extolling the virtues of another product made by the same sponsor.

Note again, please: the allowed time for commercial matter on these fifteen minute programs is one minute and a half; these sponsors are making you listen to more than three minutes.

By comparison, it is good to find that some advertisers stay rigidly within the bounds of good sense and the law. The Gilson Company, sponsors of Alec Phare as The Old Philosopher, use only eighty-five of their allowed ninety seconds; The Happy Gang, on one occasion checked, ran over by only fifteen seconds; the Bob Hope Show, imported from one of the American networks, ran over by only five seconds on the three minutes permitted in its half-hour. There are many others.

These good citizens among our advertisers, the citizens at large, and the CBC should gang up and get tough with the transgressors, realizing that every violation of this regulation means a definite reduction in the quality of our radio service. There will be howls, of course, and the loudest howls will come from those who have been transgressing most and most often. But, as one CBC official said, most of the Corporation's difficulties have come from its weak and appealing attitude. I suggest, as I have suggested before, that the time has come to take a firmer stand. I suggest too that the Massey Commission, in coming to its conclusions on radio, must give far more weight to these incontrovertible facts, to the things that private radio does and tries to do, than to all the fulsome promises and declared intentions of The Canadian Association of Broadcasters. The proof of this pudding is, most emphatically, in the eating.

SAMPLE COPIES—We will be glad to send sample copies of this issue to your friends. Subscribers are invited to send us five names and addresses.

Theatre *Hyperbole Prat*

► THE FORUM HAS NOW SEEN and reviewed, using for the purpose no less than three of "Mr. Frye's staff of learned clerks," three new plays, written by Canadians and presented in Toronto by The New Play Society. Since NPS is one of our most competent and ambitious acting groups, given to careful searching for the best dramatic pieces available, it follows that *Narrow Passage*, *Riel*, and *Going Home* are probably among the best Canadian plays presented anywhere in the country this season. Mr. Wilson's report on *Narrow Passage* was not too enthusiastic. Miss Mossdell's opinion of *Riel* (I saw the piece and agreed) was low. This review of *Going Home* is not going to be the sort which authors frame and hang prominently above the mantelpiece. It seems, then—if our opinion is worth anything—that playwrighting in Canada is in a somewhat parlous state.

One good thing can be said about these three plays: Mr. Allan, Mr. Coulter and Mr. Callaghan have all been aiming high. They have, each of them, set out to produce something better than cheap commercial theatre. But, having their eyes thus fixed on the stars, they have, with the possible exception of Mr. Allan, tripped over the footlights. To put it more succinctly, they have shown little sense of theatre.

Going Home might be described as Mr. Callaghan's attempt to climb onto one of the psychological covered wagons which are, these days, streaming past in all directions. I hope the metaphor will not be too impossibly scrambled if I suggest that he, and his play, missed their grip and were mangled between the Oedipus and the Electra.

The essential questions in *Going Home* are these: What was really the matter with Mike's mother, the first Mrs. Aikenhead? What happened to her? Was she really mad, was it proper that she should have died in a madhouse, or was she railroaded into one by the machinations of the housekeeper, later the second Mrs. Aikenhead? Why did they all behave like inhuman beings? Nowhere in the play are these questions answered clearly and specifically; had they been Mr. Callaghan would at least have had something solid upon which to build.

For the rest, and this is hard to understand because it has not been his practice in his stories and novels, Mr. Callaghan pays his audiences the doubtful compliment of writing for them as if they were, every last member, congenitally idiotic.

In the first place, we are insufficiently prepared for violence. The characters scarcely arrive on stage before they are swept into hard-breathing, though at first interior, DRAMA. We have little chance to know them, to see them in repose, to learn what kind of fools these mortals be as they go about their normal lives. There is even reason for believing that, in the ordinary sense, none of them except Anna has ever had a normal life.

Fools they are, of that there can be no doubt, for there is scarcely a moment from the time when the essential situation comes to a head (with Dave in the water), when a moment's kindness, two moments of clear thinking, two minutes of plain speech would not have resolved the whole problem. And, more important, there was only one reason—aside from the characters' stupidity—why these moments of clarification should not have occurred. This reason, the last in the world which any competent dramatist makes use of, is that any such clarification would at once have killed, eliminated, the phoney dramatic situation upon which the play is built.

Also, the scenes are bestrewn with such improbable lines as Anna's "I didn't think you'd want it in such a brutal manner," or Mike's "I seemed to hear a beguiling voice whispering," and with old dramatic clichés such as Mike's "It's like life and death keep beating in on me."

Many details of production were appallingly inept—the sound and music cues blaring into our ears upon instead of well before the first words of the speeches for which they were the occasions; Mike's appearance after his garden of Gethsemane night in Anna's room with his clothes freshly pressed, his hair marcelled and unruffled; the clumsy seduction scene with practically all punches pulled. For goodness' sake, I thought, if we can't have a seduction in which the man goes after the girl as a man *does* go after a girl (and we probably can't), then let's not bother.

On the credit side—a pitifully short list, alas—one must mention the excellently dramatic curtain to Act I, Scene 2, with Dave calling feebly from the water and Mike, unheeding, stalking offstage; the occasional touches of real humor—"When I told my girl I wasn't goin' to be a dentist"—and now and then a simple, human scene, usually between Mike and Anna.

Best performances, to my mind, were by Ben Gans as Nathaniel, by Don Harron as the bitter truculent stepbrother Dave, and, above all, by Toby Robins as Anna, the most recognizably human character of the lot. To a critical colleague, Herbert Whittaker of the *Globe and Mail*, must go a deep bow for the settings, especially the dock scene of Act I—possibly the best and most atmospheric use ever made of the Museum Theatre's impossibly small stage.

Maybe Thomas Wolfe should have the last word. You Can't Go Home Again—not that way anyhow, Mr. Callaghan.

Film Review

D. Mossdell

► ONE FILM WORTH WATCHING FOR is *The Rocking Horse Winner*, from the D. H. Lawrence short story of the same name. Like all full-length films made from three-page stories, the expanded version lacks the laconic economy of the original; but it does preserve, and even augment, its psychological tension.

The film opens with the friendship of a seven-year-old boy and his family's new odd-jobs man (John Mills). This character spends most of his spare time with a racing-form, trying to dope out winners and betting on them, and the child not unnaturally adopts his new friend's interest as his own, since his parents are also abnormally intent on getting and spending money, and maintain an establishment chronically beyond their financial means. Young Paul, a sensitive, rabbit boy (quite unlike Bobby Henrey of *The Fallen Idol*) is peculiarly, or perhaps not peculiarly, susceptible to the atmosphere of the house he lives in; it seems to him to be constantly whispering "Money—more money; there must be more money."

At Christmas-time his parents give him a rocking-horse, which lives for the remainder of the film in the low-ceilinged, wide-windowed nursery at the top of the house. Mills, the odd-jobs man, teaches the boy to ride the horse as a jockey would, with the intensity and concentration of such a one riding to win, and the child, not precisely neglected, but left too much to his own devices, rides it for hours at a time, working himself into a sweat; he concentrates on finding out the name of the winner in the current race. In this he is very often successful, and emerges from the nursery ex-

hausted, but quietly certain that Toorlooral will romp home

in the fourth at Epsom . . . He persuades the at first incredulous odd-jobs man to bet on an outsider for him. It wins; and presently the child and the man are making money hand over fist, betting on sure things. The child's idea is to get enough money to stop the house from whispering, and to help his mother, whom he adores. He fails in both of these objects, of course, since the mother is a congenital spendthrift and scarcely notices the addition to her income, which arrives disguised as an inheritance from a defunct relative. Moreover, it becomes more and more difficult for the child to exercise his clairvoyance, and the addition of a worldly uncle to the partnership makes it increasingly important that he shall be sure. Paul consequently comes down with brain-fever, an old-fashioned ailment regarded in those days as an act of God, rather than something which the family psychiatrist should look into. A tense and gripping climax is reached the week before the Derby, on which the bettors are banking to restore their dwindling fortunes, and there is a wonderfully eerie scene in the nursery, with the child riding hell-for-leather in the middle of the night, a thunderstorm raging outside, lighting up the bare room and the flaring nostrils of the horse in dramatic black-and-white, and the child's mother standing aghast in the doorway. "Daffodil," says the boy, slipping from his mount in a dead faint; and Daffodil it is; "the horse it was that won the race, the child it was that died." The rest of the film tails off with the horrified rejection of the winning money by the mother and the remorse of all concerned—in the context an obvious sop to sentimental film-



NUDE—by W. J. B. Newcombe

guers who prefer movie mothers to be feeling creatures, and want the guilty to be appropriately repentant if the innocent are not to recover.

You will want to get hold of the original story, though, and see where the movies have altered the story and changed its emphasis, particularly in the treatment of the mother's character, which was, according to Lawrence, totally selfish and insensitive. On the other hand, it is worth noticing that Lawrence's characters have a way of being physically indistinct, however incandescent their inner thoughts and emotions, and that the film, *ipso facto*, gives them a local habitation and a name.

• • •

Toronto's newest film specialty shop, the Astor, is currently running *For Them That Trespass*, an English production of the Ernest Raymond novel. This is the story of what happens when a vicar's secretary, who has literary ambitions, goes slumming in London's east end for the sake of his art (saloon bars, richly full of Victorian furniture and fascinating lower-class Cockney types), and runs into a typical east end tart, who is subsequently murdered by a jealous lover.

It turns out that the wrong man is arrested and subsequently convicted, largely because the vicar's secretary fails to come forward with the evidence which would absolve him, out of a delicate appreciation of ecclesiastical propriety: not only would he have to prove himself innocent, but the vicar might be annoyed. Instead, he attends the trial, makes careful notes, and writes a best-selling play which establishes him as England's foremost dramatist. Fifteen years later Herbert Logan, the convict (played by Richard Todd), emerges from prison and sets laboriously to work to clear his name, and the last third of the film accompanies him in his search for the real murderer.

For Them That Trespass is the sort of movie whose plot unwinds slowly, methodically, and predictably to its obvious conclusion, aiming not so much at a surprise solution or a gradually rising wave of suspense, but at the creation of a pathetic human situation and its resolution. You will not, I think, sit on the edge of your chair as the reels unwind; this is the sort of film which you can sit back and enjoy more for its incidental effects than its story: the English actors who so successfully avoid looking like actors, the pub scenes, the unglamorous blowzy tart types, the shop-girls who look and dress like shop-girls, the horrible bric-a-brack background of the vicar and the vicar's secretary. In other words, good entertainment.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Editor: I read where J. Alvarez Del Vayo is still peddling the People's Front in his book, *The Last Optimist*, intelligently reviewed (April) by Elaine Cumming. Having known Alvarez fairly well in Spain, during the war years, I should say he was "the first cynic" and not the "Last Optimist." Del Vayo had about the most perfect "People's Front" Government ever achieved (Spain 1936-1937) and it was only achieved around the heroic name of Francisco Largo Caballero, Premier of Spain, who set an historical precedent when he succeeded in bringing the powerful Anarchist Organization into the war-government.

The Soviet Government and its Spanish Communist Party would not have succeeded in breaking up the Caballero Government if it were not for such "United Fronters" as Juan Negrin and Alvarez Del Vayo, both politically obscure, who were sponsored by Caballero. Del Vayo climbed over the backs of his socialist comrades to unusual heights, a reward no doubt for his pro-communist policies throughout the war.

In my opinion the fall of Caballero, the only man who could unite the Spanish Republicans, was a contributory factor in losing the war to the fascists. I sadly suppose that we will always have with us such as Del Vayo (Spain), Henry Wallace (U.S.), Petro Nenni (Italy), Konni Zilliacus (England), Pierre Cot (France) ad nauseam.

Samuel Baron, Montreal, P.Q.

Reflections on the Survival Value of Dullness

Sometimes I grouse about the weather,
And sometimes at dime coffee.
Mostly I just don't talk.
Lions have roared at midnight round my tent,
And leopards
Borrowed cats from off my back porch.
The floods have flooded and the cloudbursts burst;
The fires and hurricanes and thunders
Almost equalled Cecil B. de Mille.
And the half is still not told.
For have not the headlines overstimulated
My breakfast cup
With revolutions, royal romance
And vast catastrophes? I have escaped
Snakes, epidemics, aeroplanes
Science, and the very violent Germans;
Not to mention
Crossing the street quite often.
A wonderful epoch to survive.
And yet occasionally I reflect as I grouse
About the weather or complain
At dime coffee that my unchanging dullness
Is the most wonderful thing of all.

J. L. SMALLWOOD

"The Debate Drones On..."

... Headline in *The Ottawa Citizen*.

The horn-rimmed incorruptible
Louis Saint-Laurent
Paternally benevolent
Feeds Democracy
A sugar diet of orders-in-council
Intravenously
And presides with calm propriety
Over the House. George Drew
Effects an entrance, judiciously
Bestowing the largesse of his nods
Among the devout; unwonted silence
Proclaims still waters run deep;
He reiterates the platitude:
To save all, save the surface.
Major Coldwell, coldly incisive,
With socialistic logic
Opens and probes the tender spots
As the green sap slowly wells.
While Solon Low pontificates
Of income and gold certificates,
The back-benchers scribble countless letters
Ostentatiously,
Designed to impress their constituents
Along the back concessions;
They signal the indolent page boys
Who lollop across the Chamber
To lick the flaps of the envelopes,
While the debate drones on.

J.F.S.

TURNING NEW LEAVES

► EARLIER THIS YEAR there was a news report that Soviet medicine was engaged in a struggle to eliminate "the influence of anti-revolutionary, anti-materialistic and idealistic positions in pathology of Virchow, Erlich, Pasteur, Koch and others." These words sound familiar to those who have been following the successive Russian purges of music, of art, of literature, philosophy, biology and physics. The latest purge helps us to see more clearly the pattern of present Soviet thought, and we can now say definitely what before we could only suggest: the Soviet rulers are throwing off every debt, of whatever kind, that Russia owes to the non-Russian past. Further, they are deliberately rejecting all present cultural influences from outside. Some of their attempts are simply laughable; such are, for example, the periodic announcements that this or that discovery was not made by the Western scientist or inventor to whom it has been credited all along, but by a Russian. But most of them are not at all laughable; we greet them with dismay, and the dismay is deepening.

The most important evidence we have that the Russians are deliberately breaking off communications between East and West is offered by the Russians themselves. The news report referred to above was filed in Moscow; the purge it announces is closely related to the earlier purge of Russian biology commonly known as the "Lysenko controversy"; and from Moscow, under the title "The Situation in Biological Science," has appeared the bulky report, in English, of the conference that brought the Lysenko controversy to a climax.

What exactly is this Lysenko controversy? One way or another, we have read a great deal about it in the last few years, but very little that we have read has helped to clarify it. It seems that the legacy from Marx of which his Russian followers have made the most use is the polemic method. Unfortunately, however, the moment we begin exchanging views with the Russians, that moment we too become heirs of Marx, and we adopt the same polemic method. It is a shock to the student of biology to come across articles, signed by biologists who have earned his highest respect, in which the polemic method is indulged in as recklessly as by the Russians themselves. Surely, the provocation must have been extreme.

"The Situation in Biological Science" is a translation of the verbatim report of the Proceedings of the Lenin Academy of Agricultural Sciences, which took place on July 31-August 7, 1948. Neither the report nor the situation itself could be more unpleasant. In the report is a statement, already famous among biologists, that deserves a place in history beside "veni, vidi, vici," for it too is the terse statement of a conqueror. It was made by Trofim Lysenko, the President of the Academy, and the man who precipitated the biological controversy, on the last day of the conference: "I have been asked in one of the memoranda as to the attitude of the Central Committee concerning my paper. I answer: the Central Committee of the Party has examined my report and approved it." The wording is masterly, the effect exactly the one aimed at. Next day Pravda described the scene that followed: "This communication by the President aroused general enthusiasm in the members of the session. As if moved by a single impulse, all those present rose from their seats and started a stormy, prolonged ovation in honor of the Central Committee of the Lenin-Stalin party, in honor of the wise leader and teacher of the Soviet people, the greatest scientist of our era, Comrade Stalin." This was the end. The Lysenko controversy was over. All that was left was for his opponents to recant. Later many were dismissed from their posts.

Some of these abject recantations are reproduced by Conway Zirkle in his *Death of a Science in Russia* (University of Pennsylvania Press, 1949). After reading them, and after reading other papers in this valuable book, which follows the Lysenko controversy through the twelve years of its progress, one can understand the horror felt by the eminent scientists of the West, and expressed by them with the bitterest invective in articles that Zirkle also reproduces.

There are, it is true, Western scientists who are neither shocked nor horrified, but they are not represented in Zirkle's book. To find their articles one must turn to the leftist periodicals, such as *Science and Society* or the *Modern Quarterly*. Scientists like J. D. Bernal, thoroughly committed to Russian Communism, are able to watch these developments with equanimity and approval.

For a calm appraisal of the opposed scientific claims in the Lysenko controversy as well as for a comprehensive summary of the situation in Soviet thought generally, the best single source is *Heredity East and West* by Julian Huxley*. The book was written in haste; much material was added when it was already in proof; it is, in fact, a highly topical magazine article in expanded form. This does not detract from its value, however; it just makes us wonder how a man can write so lucidly at such speed.

Huxley summarizes the history of the controversy, gives its scientific content, and shows in detail exactly where the contentions of Lysenko are nonsense. The swift and much-condensed discussion of genetic principles may be somewhat difficult to grasp, but the reader can be certain that it is authoritative. There are, to be sure, reputable Western biologists who do not go quite so far as does Huxley in upholding Mendelian genetics; but they are very few in number, and usually not geneticists themselves; Huxley presents the view overwhelmingly subscribed to by geneticists everywhere—even in the U.S.S.R. before they were forced to recant.

But Huxley realizes that the correctness or falseness of Lysenko's scientific views is not the main issue: "Scientifically, I believe that the situation is very grave. There is now a party line in genetics, which means that the basic scientific principle of the appeal to fact has been overridden by ideological considerations. A great scientific nation has repudiated certain basic elements of scientific method, and in so doing has repudiated the universal and supranational character of science."

"That is the major issue. Its discussion has been unfortunately clouded by insistence on subsidiary, minor, and sometimes irrelevant issues. In relation to this main issue, it is subsidiary whether or not Lysenko's claims to have made certain new discoveries are substantiated . . ."

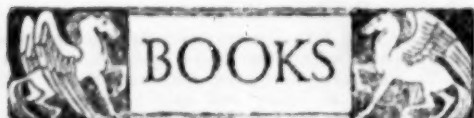
The quality of Huxley's book is best conveyed by his own statement of his aims, made late in the book: "I am not concerned to be either anti-Soviet or pro-Soviet . . . If I criticize or condemn some of the methods used, that is not because I am hostile to the U.S.S.R. . . . but because I believe they are bad—bad in themselves, bad in their effects on human progress and achievement, and in the long run bad for the U.S.S.R."

It is because this statement of aims is true, and the reader can see for himself at every point that it is true, that the book is so effective. Other critics can be discounted, because they make it obvious that they have gleefully grasped another stick to beat the Reds with; not so Huxley. We who need desperately to understand, and have found understanding—not predicting, or acting, but just understanding

*HEREDITY, EAST AND WEST: Julian Huxley; Schuman; pp. 248; \$4.00.

—more difficult than ever before, are here given the facts, as dispassionately as such facts can be given, upon which understanding must be reached. I cannot predict that the understanding of the situation in Soviet thought today that will result from a reading of this book will make the reader happy.

ROY I. WOLFE



PEACE ON EARTH: Robert Sherwood, editor; George McLeod; pp. 251; \$3.75.

The misleading feature of this book is its high-flying title. Actually the book is a good account of the modest achievements to date of the United Nations and its various agencies. In eleven essays by as many distinguished leaders in U.N. activities, people like Trygve Lie, Herbert Evatt, Eleanor Roosevelt, and Ralph Bunche discuss the Charter, the General Assembly, the Commission on Human Rights, the International Trusteeship system, and so on. Robert Sherwood writes a general introduction and a brief foreword to each essay. An appendix usefully brings together the texts of the U.N. Charter, the Statute of the International Court of Justice, and the Declaration of Human Rights.

Several of the essays have a defensive tone, as if their authors had felt obliged to put their best foot forward and demonstrate that the U.N. really has justified its existence. They are also determinedly optimistic. Mr. Torres Bodet, writing on UNESCO, says that every U.N. agency "is made up of optimists," and Robert Sherwood, without batting an eye, announces that today "the creative power of man reasserts itself over and above the selfish demands of aggressive nationalism" and that the world "is considerably less foolish and less wicked than it was even ten years ago."

With more of an eye on the world as it really is, Dr. Brock Chisholm, writing on the World Health Organization, warns that the mechanism of competitive survival is utterly out-of-date and that if man doesn't change his mind he is on his way to join the dinosaur. Likewise Lord Boyd Orr points out that by using agricultural science we can both feed the world and raise the standard of living of rural workers, but only if we disregard the profit motive in distribution and if we guarantee remunerative prices to producers. Finally Carlos Romulo upsets the whole apple-cart by gravely asking if any war for any cause is worth fighting any more and by stating that "even appeasement, a word of contempt, may soon assume a new meaning and a new dignity."

Carlyle King.

DOCTORS OF INFAMY: Alexander Mitscherlich and P. Mielke; Schuman; pp. 172; \$3.75.

"It is one thing," as Mrs. Goldberg might have said, "to eat pork; it is quite another thing to smack one's lips over it." The worst feature of the Nazi system was not just the destruction of life and property, but the transformation of the sense of right and wrong into temporary tribal tabus. When the Nazis abandoned the faith of their fathers and went a-whoring after Saxon gods, this is where it miserably led them.

This volume, a compilation by two Germans from testimony at the Nuremberg war-crimes trials, tells how the German medical profession, to its eternal dishonor, jumped through the fire for Hitler, and thereafter committed crimes of sadism, sex and infanticide. It is an abstract of the accusa-

tion against twenty physicians who were found guilty of murderous and painful experiments against their fellow men, without their knowledge or consent. Their victims numbered hundreds of thousands. The world today, having a better sense of history than in Napoleon's time, insists on having the facts about Hitler indelibly recorded. They must not say about him as they still say of the French runt,

*On parlait de sa gloire
Tous les jours, bien longtemps.*

Some things are too sacred for jest. Of course the chief function of a reviewer is to show how much cleverer he is than the mere author of a book, but nevertheless to treat his efforts with condescension and generosity. This volume gives little scope for such evidences of genius (which we ask the public however to take on trust). A cynic might expect that the most sentimental race in Europe would be capable of remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villainy. But he would be shocked at the worthlessness of these researches. Men obviously are not less valuable than dogs as experimental animals; but the mind that can acquiesce in using them has lost its value as an instrument of reason.

The earliest request for permission to experiment on human beings came from a Dr. Rascher in the form of a letter which was found among Himmler's correspondence. In it the writer incidentally makes tender allusions to his family. Let us recall here that Al Capone's chief concern, when in prison, was that little Al's education might not be neglected. As stated, the experiments, thousands of them, brought to light nothing of scientific value—with one exception: we now know that carbolic acid or gasoline, injected intravenously, will kill a man inexpensively in sixty seconds: *Parturiunt montes, nascitur ridiculus mus.*

The Progressive Party in Canada

BY W. L. MORTON

Describes the origins and growth of the agrarian movement which was responsible for the emergence of a third party in western Canada immediately following World War I. Provides a graphic description of western economy and politics generally. \$4.75.

The Winnipeg General Strike

BY D. C. MASTERS

A study in western labour radicalism dealing mainly with the revolt of western labour after World War I and its first test of strength in the Winnipeg general strike. \$3.50.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO PRESS

This book being itself a review, is hard to review. It is fascinating if macabre, and has permanent value in the library of an intelligent citizen. *J. Markowitz.*

PERSONAL ADJUSTMENT IN OLD AGE: Ruth Shonle Cavan and others; Gage (Science Research Associates); pp. 204; \$2.95.

Although man has worked like fury for centuries to prolong his life and has managed to raise the level of life-expectancy to a remarkably encouraging point, he has fumbled in an awkward fashion when it has come to knowing what to do with the years of his "ripe old-age." In fact, it appears that he has run like a scared rabbit at the very thought of it. Now, however, with more people being able to enjoy the doubtful luxury of becoming aged, the problem must be faced. Running doesn't help.

By showing even sketchily what happens to men and women when they age in a society such as ours, these authors begin to suggest ways of defining the problems and thinking about them. They assume that we cannot think of old-age without first knowing what people consider it to be and how people who are thought to be aged are treated by those who are not. Also, they assume that we cannot understand the problems of old-age without first knowing how the aged behave and how they feel about themselves and the world in which they live.

Without this type of knowledge they suggest we can never deal adequately with the problems of old-age in our society, for we shall never understand the nature of personal adjustment in old-age.

The book is addressed expressly to (1) research workers, (2) persons administering services to the aged, (3) teachers and students, and (4) the general public (particularly the aged), and gives quite simply the present state of knowledge about the aged in the United States. A way of thinking about personal adjustment is explained, and slightly more than half the text is a presentation of a method to measure the extent of personal adjustment in old age.

For some readers this may be a deterrent to reading, and this is a pity; for careful reading and thought is merited by the portion of the book that describes the personal and social characteristics of old age in our culture. When we consider the critical position our society ascribes to the aged, along with the fact that improvements in preventive and therapeutic medicine are prolonging the life of man, we may realize the importance of broadening our meaning of social security and welfare. *Farrell C. Toombs.*

THE WALL: John Hersey; McClelland & Stewart; pp. 632; \$4.75.

The latest in John Hersey's popular series of novels on our recent catastrophes deals with the tribulations of Warsaw's Jewish population during the German occupation. Larger by far than his previous works, a fact not unemphasized by its American advertisers, the novel is embellished with much minute detail concerning Hebrew custom and tradition, the observation of which by the community the narrator-historian watches closely, as symptomatic of the metamorphosis of a Jewish people of heterogeneous pursuits into a reincarnation of Israel in Egypt. The developing community, hemmed in by the ghetto wall, finds its heritage growing in meaning and power as bondage presses it, and discovers itself once again as a people of whom that heritage is an intense expression.

Hersey's interest lies in the social organism and its changing values. He leaves the concentration camps and extra-

ordinary tortures as shadows beyond the wall. The deepest outrages are those by which the disintegration of the living community is sought. The doomed individuals are sacrifices dead to the community, the minute they are chosen for slaughter. With its somewhat subtle theme, the novel is commendable for its abstention from the purely frightful. It is powerful without being melodramatic, true without being lurid. Hersey is dealing with the delicate fibres of a very human society, and lets figure only such of those dreadful incidents as are related immediately to the desperate fortunes of the ghetto. He has the modern journalist's eye for telling detail, together with a gift of restraint and artistic propriety which, on the whole, could scarcely be traced to a similar source. *G. J. Wood.*

THE WINTER OF TIME: Raymond Holmes; Export Publishing Enterprises, Toronto; pp. 160; paper (Pocket-Book style); \$0.25.

Now there's this young fellow, see, name of Harry, who joins the Canadian Air Force and is sent to England toward the end of the war. Within two days he meets this girl, name of Helen, "a swell kid" who is in the WAAF's. After a little casual necking whenever opportunity offers—"I was a little teaser and got you all worked up and then I didn't go through with it"—he spends a weekend at her parents' home and she sneaks into his bed and does go through with it. Eventually they marry, she has a baby in England while he is back in Canada, and dies soon after.

Before this, though, he "is clumsy above" a girl named Vera whom he picks up at the Palais Royale. "One occasion only," as they say in radio. He also strikes up a friendship with one Betty Andrews who he meets at a party at Centre Island, and realizes strongly "what a nice little figure she had, but there weren't any ideas running around in my mind how to get better acquainted with her charms." However, in the very next chapter, he gets lingeringly repulsed when "I wanted to keep kissing her forever. Only I wanted to do more than kiss her." This Betty is, incidentally, the only female in the book with whom this shockingly enterprising young male does not have, as they say, "his way."

On our hero's return from England after his wife's funeral (he leaves his new son over there with his in-laws, so he is once more completely unencumbered), he lingers a while in New York, looks up an old friend—and, well you know how it is with a young man on the loose like that—within three days he is in the arms, and the bed, of his friend's neighbor, an attractive (but careless) nice girl named Clair. This affair was, as the young man no doubt would have said had he thought of it, a doozy, and lasts with practically no interruptions for almost a week. As he does say "she was a hell of a fine girl for a man to run into."

Back in Toronto, after a strangely womanless interval in Montreal, another beautiful friendship, just nicely starting, is cruelly ruined by an automobile accident. For rest and convalescence Harry and his friend Paul take a cottage "near Minden, up in Haliburton," and there he is pursued by a letter from Clair who awaits him in Toronto at, of all places, the Saint Regis Hotel. Tearfully she tells him, on his return, that their fond and furious week in New York has borne fruit and that she is going to have a baby. So they plan to marry and live happily ever after.

There is only one word for this titillating monstrosity, but even *The Forum* will not print it, so I have to make shift with filth, which is weakly synonymous. Two things, perhaps, excuse our giving it so much space: first, that there is some reasonably good writing in it, whence it is shameful that Mr. Holmes should have aimed so low; second, that this kind of book, deliberately offered by some

fly-by-night publisher in the hope of wringing a few dollars from the sex-starved, is a relatively new thing in Canadian publishing. Or do I not get around enough?

In spite of a strong dislike for all forms of censorship, I find myself tempted to shout, loudly, "Quick, Henry, the Flit." A.S.

RECOLLECTIONS OF LOGAN PEARSALE SMITH:

Robert Gathorne-Hardy; Longmans, Green; pp. 259; \$4.00.

Well, here goes. We learn from the blurb that this is "one of the most remarkable and individual revelations of character ever published." Why do they say these things? Quite simply, the opposite is true. It is one of the least remarkable and individual revelations of character ever published. Admittedly, the character of Logan Pearsale Smith, in its fussiness, donnishness, and limited, though genuine, talent, presents great difficulty to the biographer and perhaps especially to the friend, who sees everything in a private and strangely exciting way. Mr. Gathorne-Hardy knew Smith intimately for eighteen years. He was stimulated and educated by the friendship, but neither the wonder nor the wisdom is conveyed to the reader. Only two things bring the book, momentarily, alive. There is one electrifying bit when Smith goes mad in Iceland after a siege of pneumonia. Secondly, when his life is drawing to a cantankerous close, the old man turns on his friend and assistant and, for no reason, deliberately and cruelly repudiates him. Such a situation demands the greatest delicacy and subtlety of perception. Mr. Gathorne-Hardy avoids, as he must, the nagging and terrifyingly base implications of a bitter old age. But his subject, it is plain, looked into the abyss, saw his life-work there, and came back screaming.

What is especially irritating in the book is the tone of intense, somehow paltry seriousness and complacency. This may be interesting psychologically in the subject: it is unforgivable in the writer. A certain skill in a mandarin-like prose tends to make matters worse.

What about these scholars? Does anyone do them as they should be done, with all the trivial, talented, irritable, mannered complexity of their lives? At what point does wisdom, here annoyingly professional, turn quietly into pathos?

Chester Duncan.

Thy People, My People

by Elisabeth Hoemberg

What it was like to live in Germany during the war and throughout the difficult post-war period is revealed in this intimate record of the experiences of Canadian-born Elisabeth Sims Hoemberg whose home since 1938 has been Munster, Germany.

\$3.00

DENT

YIDDISH PROVERBS: edited by Hanan J. Ayalti; Book Center (Schocken Library); pp. 127; \$2.00.

For the purpose of a short review I tried to classify these pesky proverbs. But they exhibit—there are five hundred of them—so many moods and insights, such a wealth of fun and fancy and philosophy, that I could find no suitable molds in which to put them. (They are classified as to subject-matter in the index, but that is irrelevant to the book considered as literature). One is reduced, therefore to quotation. Of the purely serious, good examples are "There's a new question to every answer," "A man should live if only to satisfy his curiosity," and "Spare us what we can learn to endure"; of those in a lighter vein, "With luck, even your ox will calve," "A job is fine—but interferes with your time," "Too bad, the bride is so pretty," "O Lord, give me a good excuse!" and "God will provide—if only God would provide until he provides!" These are a few samples only of a rich and various collection. A great many will enrich your insight and tickle your fancy. Many, by the way, recall similar Gentile currency, sometimes with an intriguing twist as "Shrouds are made without pockets" or "Let who will be handsome: I am clever." This is a book to buy and keep where you can pick it up handily at any time. The translation, by Dr. Isidore Goldstick, I cannot judge as a translation; as English, it is contemporary, pithy, and engaging.

R. E. K. Pemberton.

THE COMMUNITY OF MAN: Hugh Miller; Macmillan; pp. 169; \$3.50.

Based on a highly condensed outline of modern biological concepts and tied in with brief sketches of current thought in the related sciences, Professor Miller attempts in this book to set forth a philosophy of creative evolution, strongly influenced by something very like existentialism.

His study of biology leads him to believe that "evolution was always directed from within" and he devotes considerable space to an explanation of how human economy is interlocked with that of nature. From here he proceeds to his concept of social evolution, culminating in the conclusion that "it is neither necessary nor desirable that civilization should become uniform in its political economy," and "Communist and individualist economies must always coexist, side by side." All this is covered in 169 pages! Such sweeping statements as the last quotation do not seem to be in the scientific spirit Professor Miller extols. He peremptorily dismisses all past systems of philosophy as invalid and misleading because they are not founded on scientific "facts," but betrays a paradoxical emotionalism in his attack on organized religion. "Man is now, because he always was, governor of the world, creator and redeemer of his universe!" says Miller. Surely an unscientific form of idolatry!

Recent comment by a contemporary labels this "dangerous mysticism." Perhaps it is, but we fail to see the danger for readers who are prepared to do their own thinking about what they read. Those who apply their critical faculties to Professor Miller's more astonishing statements will not be unduly influenced by what does not stand the test of common sense. This book contains some interesting ideas, few of them new in any sense, but it will nevertheless probably cause some controversy. Hugh Miller is Professor of Philosophy at the University of California at Los Angeles.

Hilda Kirkwood.

THE CROOKED CORRIDOR: Elizabeth Stevenson; Macmillan; pp. 172; \$3.50.

In this study, concise but as logically ordered and supported as a good doctoral dissertation, Miss Stevenson has examined how Henry James constructed the "crooked

corridor" of his art to lead the reader to his "presence" or "logical centre." Miss Stevenson opens her study by analyzing only the conditions and events in the life of James which are useful in illuminating his work; she then categorizes his scope—what he put in and what he left out. Her key chapter is a study of James' themes; she argues that he is concerned primarily with one theme, the collision of the extraordinary individual with a rich, corrupt society in which he is an outsider. Having examined the facets of this theme, she shows how he played variations on it by means of breadth and depth. This study is rounded out by a consideration of the development of James' unconscious attitudes in his work, and by a comprehensive but highly condensed chapter on his technical means. She concludes with a useful guide to James' editions and studies.

Miss Stevenson's style is analytical, and, when evaluative, elliptical. She assumes James' high excellence; she wastes few words in adoration. Her analytical and critical insight, partly individual and partly distilled from recent Jamesian criticism, should help one slice through the supposed "difficulties" of James.

G.R.

THE WRITER ON HIS ART: Compiled and edited by Walter Allen; McGraw-Hill; pp. 285; \$4.50.

Here is an anthology of criticism (of poetry and the novel) by the famous practitioners themselves. The book has the virtues and the faults of all anthologies: the virtues, in that it is always interesting to compare the statements of great artists, although sometimes it is only amusing and even alarming to do so; the faults, in that each statement is so brief as to make impossible a sustained and clear-cut message, and as a result the reader is confused rather than enlightened. In this case the virtues apply more to the second half of the book (the Novel) and the faults to the first (Poetry). If you are easily persuaded by what you read, the varied critical contributions of the group of poets will make you very jumpy. On the other hand, Mr. Allen has let the novelists express themselves at greater length, and more effectively. They don't disagree as much, either. Judging from this book, I would say that great novelists seem to be much surer as to what they are about than great poets. Anyway, they're cooler, if not as briefly "inspiring." And, of course, on their side they have Henry James and E. M. Forster. The notes of Elizabeth Bowen, too, reveal a critical intelligence of great perception. The price of the book, then, seems expensive for the first half, and just about right for the (less available) second half.

Chester Duncan.

KOKUTAI NO HONGI: Robert King Hall, ed., John Owen Gauntlett, trans.; S. J. Reginald Saunders (Harvard); pp. 200; \$5.00.

The point is frequently emphasized that this is a most faithful translation of the Japanese *Mein Kampf*—the document which initiated "proper thought control." That it is a correct rendering this reviewer is unable to say since he hasn't a copy of the original at hand and doesn't know Japanese anyway. The forty-five page introduction is informative and interesting but he doubts if any but the scholar bent on research could wade through the metaphysical tripe which follows it.

John A. Dewar.

THE ARTS IN CANADA

We would like to call the attention of *Canadian Forum* readers to a special issue on the arts in Canada which is being prepared by *Food For Thought*, the journal of the Canadian Association for Adult Education. The aim of the issue is to provide a survey of Canada's cultural status.

It includes articles on the following Canadian arts: painting by Dr. R. H. Hubbard, curator of Canadian art, National Gallery; literature (in English) by Dr. Carlyle King, head of the department of English, University of Saskatchewan; literature (in French) by Dr. Jean Bruchesi, under-secretary of the Province of Quebec; drama, by Dr. Alan Skinner, honorary director of the Dominion Drama Festival; films by Dr. J. R. Kidd, associate director of the C.A.A.E.; radio by Mavor Moore, radio and stage writer, actor, and producer; music by Kenneth Ingram, secretary of the Canadian Music Council; sculpture by Miss Josephine Hambleton; architecture by Fred Lasserre, head of the school of architecture, University of B.C.; handicrafts by Miss Ruth Home, executive secretary of the Canadian Handicraft Guild.

In addition there are lists of leading Canadian cultural organizations and periodicals, as well as bibliographical and film lists. The issue may be ordered from the Canadian Association for Adult Education, 340 Jarvis St., Toronto, for 25c.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

DAVID SMITH is director of the Adult Education Division of the government of Saskatchewan. His article, "Freedom under Socialism," is based on a lecture given recently in Toronto at the Ontario Woodsworth Memorial Foundation . . . PATRICIA VAN DER ESCH, Canadian by birth, is living in Paris, France . . . COLLEEN THIBAUDEAU, who has contributed poetry to *The Forum*, lives in Toronto . . . LEONARD BROOKS is at present living in San Miguel de Allende, Mexico; . . . W. J. B. NEWCOMBE is a Canadian artist who lives in Toronto.

MAKAROFF, CARTER and CARTER

Barriers, Solicitors, Notaries

301-302 Birks Building, SASKATOON, Sask.

P. G. Makaroff, K.C., Roger C. Carter, LL.B.,
Mary Y. Carter, LL.B.

GEORGE GILBERT

Real Estate

1204 Yonge Street, Toronto, Canada

J. J. SWANSON & CO. LTD.

REALTORS

Insurance and Financial Agents
Property Management

308 AVENUE BLDG., WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

JOHN STEELE

MASTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY, P.A. OF A.

22 Grenville Street, Toronto

K1. 6836

STAMMERING CORRECTED: Modern scientific methods. Helpful 48-page booklet gives full information. Write today for FREE copy. William Dennison, 345 N. Jarvis Street, Toronto, Canada.

THE GOD THAT FAILED



SIX STUDIES IN COMMUNISM

BY

ARTHUR KOESTLER

IGNAZIO SILONE

RICHARD WRIGHT

ANDRE GIDE *presented by* ENID STARKIE

LOUIS FISCHER

STEPHEN SPENDER

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

RICHARD CROSSMAN, M.P.

"In this book, six writers, each with an international reputation, describe their journey into Communism and their return . . . Between the October Revolution and the Stalin-Hitler pact, numberless men of letters, both in Europe and America, were attracted to Communism. They were not "typical" converts. Indeed, being people of unusual sensitivity, they made most abnormal Communists: they had a heightened perception of the spirit of the age, and felt more acutely than others its frustrations and its hopes. Their conversion therefore expressed in an acute form feelings which were dimly shared by the inarticulate millions who felt that Russia was "on the side of the workers."

"Here six intellectuals set down how they saw Communism at first from a long way off—just as their predecessors saw the French Revolution—as a vision of the Kingdom of God on earth: like Wordsworth and Shelley they dedicated their talents to working humbly for its coming. They were not discouraged by the rebuffs of the professional revolutionaries or by the jeers of their opponents, until each discovered the gap between his own vision of God and the reality of the Communist State—and the conflict of conscience reached breaking-point."

PRICE \$3.00 POSTPAID

See review in *The Canadian Forum*, April, 1950.

THE CANADIAN FORUM BOOK SERVICE (Telephone PR. 3731)
16 Huntley St., Toronto 5, Canada.

Enclosed is \$_____ for _____ copies.

Name _____

Address _____

☐ Send C.O.D.